

FIFTY CENTS *

FEBRUARY 14, 1969

New Approaches to Friends and Foes

TIME

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, February 12

SINGER PRESENTS THE BEAT OF THE BRASS (NBC, 9-10 p.m.) Herb Alpert and the Ti-juana Brass tootle through the U.S., stopping in such places as Ellis Island, New Orleans during Mardi Gras, and the children's zoo in Los Angeles. Repeat.

Thursday, February 13

NET PLAYHOUSE (NET, 8:30 p.m.). John Hopkins' quartet of dramas, *Talking to a Stranger*, examines a weekend in the life of the Stephens family. Each of the plays tells the story from the viewpoint of a different member of the family. First to be aired will be the daughter's version: *Anytime You're Ready I'll Sparkle*.

Friday, February 14

FRIDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). Kim Novak begins a thesis on sex, and Tony Randall, James Garner and Howard Da Silva turn up on her index cards in *Boys' Night Out* (1962).

Saturday, February 15

FISHERMAN'S WORLD (CBS, 5-6 p.m.). Celebrities Gypsy Rose Lee, John Gary and Sam Snead are among the *aficionados* who set out with hook, lure and spear to capture the finny ones.

WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). North American Figure Skating Championships from Oakland, Calif., team up with the World Figure "8" Stock Car Thrill Race from Islip, N.Y.

FEELIN' GROOVY AT MARINE WORLD (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.). Bing Crosby and his wife Kathryn sing and swing their way through ABC's 60-acre Marine World complex, meeting Anissa ("Buffy") Jones and the Rascals along the way.

Sunday, February 16

PHOENIX OPEN (ABC, 5-7 p.m.). By the time TV gets there, they'll be on the last round of the \$100,000 golf tourney at the Arizona Country Club.

CHILDREN'S LETTERS TO GOD (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m.). Gene Kelly hosts the live action-animated special that explores youngsters' letters and their thoughts about creation, human relations, animals and love.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE ICE CAPADES OF 1969 (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Jack Jones, Nancy Sinatra and Louis Nye add spice and variety to a collection of the skating troupe's silver moments.

Monday, February 17

NET JOURNAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). "The Battled Child" is a documentary on the maltreated child and his abusive parents.

CHRYSLER PRESENTS THE BOB HOPE COMEDY SPECIAL (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Diana Ross and the Supremes are on the guest list.

JACK BENNY'S BIRTHDAY SPECIAL (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). The eternal 39-year-old celebrates, with help from Lucille Ball, Dan Blocker, Lawrence Welk, Dennis Day, Ann-Margret and Singer Rouvanian.

Tuesday, February 18

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY SPECIAL (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). An expedition by Land Rover and on foot explores "Australia—the Timeless Land" showing the

contrasts between the modern coastal cities and the primitive Outback, and peering into the future of the continent that may be the last frontier.

THEATER

On Broadway

CELEBRATION, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the co-creators of *The Fantasticks*, is a charmer for sophisticates who have never quite forsaken the magic realm of childhood. Potemkin, a master of ceremonies winningly played by Keith Charles, presides over a land of enchantment peopled by a handsome blond Orphan, a crestfallen Angel, a bored and impotent Mr. Rich, and a group of Revelers. With a straight melodic line and the apt lyrics of the songs, the play is one of those good things that come in small packages.

COCK-A-DOODLE DANDY is a Sean O'Casey play that has rarely been staged during the 20 years since it was written. Accustomed as they are to the theater of the absurd, today's theatergoers are less likely than the audiences of the '50s to fall at the play's zany unconcern with sequiturs, probabilities or dramatic p's and q's. The very talented players of the APA Repertory Company make this blast at what O'Casey felt was wrong with Ireland into a rollicking, rambunctious piece of theater.

HADRIAN VII is a dramatization of Frederick William Rolfe's novel, *Hadrian the Seventh*. Playwright Peter Luke makes Rolfe the hero of his own story; he is a misfit who, after being rejected twice for the priesthood, develops the fantasy that he becomes Pope. In a performance that is a paradigm of the elegant best in English acting style, Alec McCowen evokes a sense of pity and affection for Rolfe.

PROMISES, PROMISES is a musical to remember other musicals by. No playgoer will feel bilked if he attends the show, nor will he miss a thing if he skips it. Jerry Orbach as the self-abasing anti-hero and Marian Mercer as an amorous pickup turn in the best performances.

FORTY CARATS is precisely the sort of show that people always say they want to see in order to forget the trials and tribulations of the day. The comedy stars Julie Harris as a half-smitten, half-reluctant lady ardently wooed by Marco St. John, a handsome lad almost half her age.

JIMMY SHINE. Playwright Murray Schisgal is lucky to have Dustin Hoffman's ingratiant stage personality working for him in this play—which is somewhat like a book from which the text has been excised and only the footnotes published.

Off Broadway

TANGO, by Polish playwright Slawomir Mrozek, has David Margulies as a young man eager to exercise the sacred right of youth to rebel; but he finds that his totally permissive home life leaves him nothing to rebel against. Despite stilted direction and a somewhat awkward translation, the play is one of those rare and engrossing dramas that pay an evening-long courtesy call on the mind.

LITTLE MURDERS is a revival of Cartoonist Jules Feiffer's first full-length play. Though it still seems a series of animated cartoons spliced together, Director Alan Arkin

gives it a breath-catching funny air, a surrealistic style, and an incredibly fast pace.

TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK. In a moving tribute to Negro Playwright Lorraine Hansberry, an able interracial cast presents sketches from her writings that thread an elegiac mood through the range of comedy, rage and introspection.

DAMES AT SEA. Bernadette Peters, aided by an engaging cast, is naive little Ruby, who comes to the Broadway "jungle" determined to "tap her way to stardom" in this friendly parody of the movie musicals of the '30s.

CINEMA

RED BEARD, the most recent film by the great Japanese director Akira Kurosawa, is a morality play about the spiritual growth of a young doctor. Kurosawa is technically without peer, and such actors as Toshiro Mifune help him to achieve almost overwhelming emotional force.

GRAZIE ZIA is a flashy first film by young (25) Italian Film Maker Salvatore Samperi. His theme is moral and spiritual decadence, and his style is already accomplished, but the film is too repetitious and vague to be entirely satisfying.

THE SHAME. Ingmar Bergman examines war and the artistic conscience in his 29th film. The visual imagery is brilliantly desolate, and the performances—by Max von Sydow, Gunnar Bjornstrand and Liv Ullmann—are orchestrated with precision.

THE FIXER. "I am a man who, although not much, is still much more than nothing," proclaims the accidental hero of this drama of social commitment and political responsibility. Under the brilliant direction of John Frankenheimer, Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde and Ian Holm often approach perfection in their difficult roles.

FACES. The purgatory of modern, middle-aged marriage is depicted by Writer-Director John Cassavetes with an obsessive eye for surface realism. His film has an air of honesty, but his characters are so preoccupied with themselves that they leave little room for audience empathy.

THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S. Good humor and excellent performances abound in this affectionate tribute to the raunchy days of oldtime burlesque. As a seductive song and dance man, Jason Robards wears a straw boater as naturally as John Wayne wears a Stetson.

THE FIREMEN'S BALL. What starts out as a simple, funny little anecdote about a group of firemen planning a party for their retiring chief is turned by Director Milo Forman (*Loves of a Blonde*) into a pithy parody of Communist bureaucracy.

OLIVER! Dickie's novel might at first seem as likely a subject for a musical as *Middlemarch*, but Leo-Lie Bart's score, Carl Reeder's direction and John Box's breathtaking sets all combine to make what is easily the entertainment of the year.

BOOKS

Best Reading

IT HAPPENED IN BOSTON? by Russell H. Greenan. In this sprightly first novel, a witty but deranged narrator, park-bench dreamer and master painter tells of the ludicrous events that made him a forger and murderer anxious to meet and kill God.

THE STRANGERS, by George Bruce. The original "thugs" were Indian marauders who strangled travelers and robbed them. It wasn't until the 1830s, when their re-

* All times E.S.T.

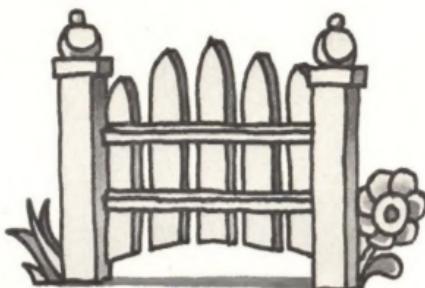
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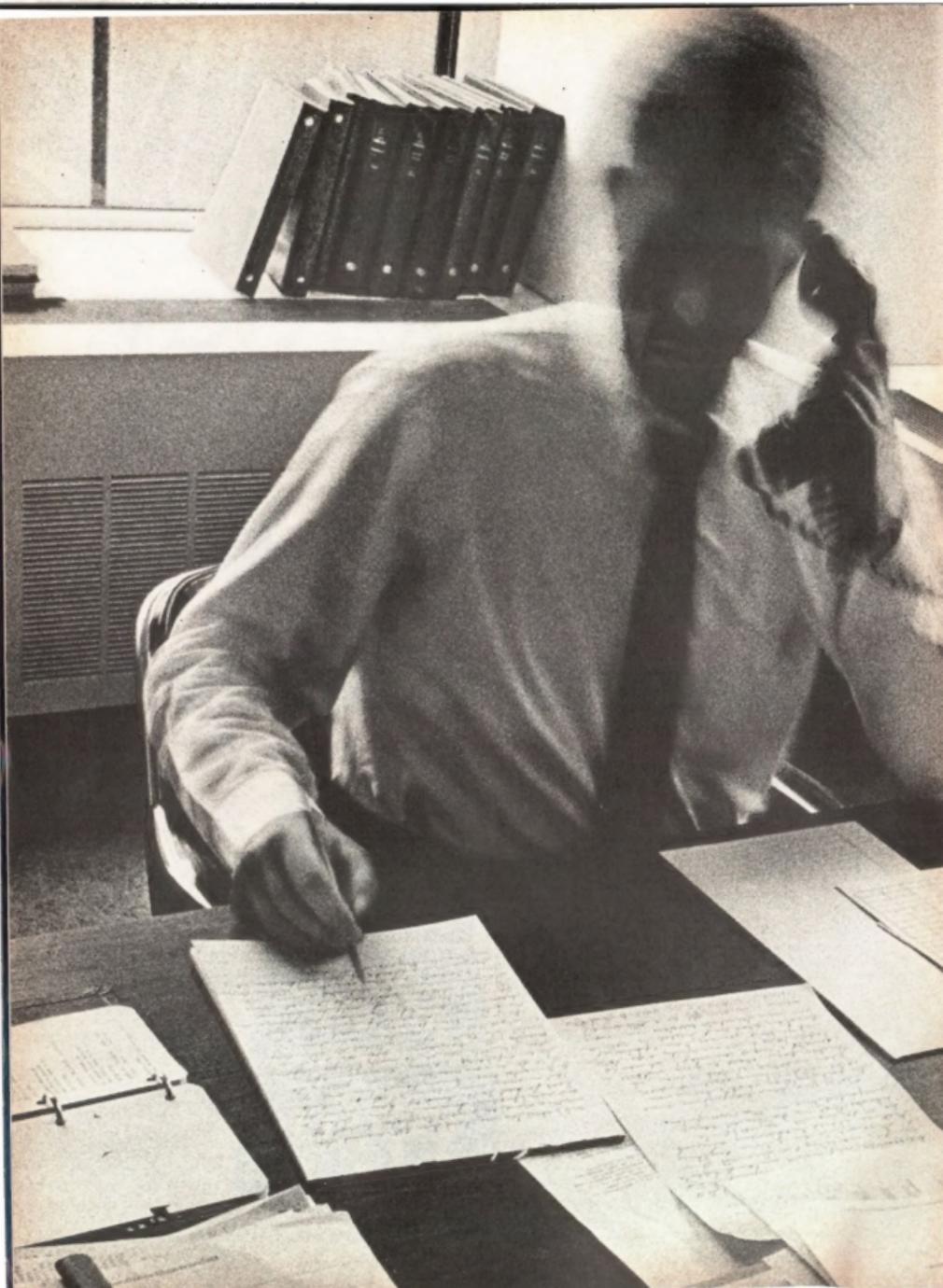
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cent victims were numbered in the tens of thousands, that a crusading British officer finally wiped them out. A horrifying, little-known facet of Empire.

ZAPATA AND THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION, by John Womack Jr. A young (31) Harvard historian tells the great revolutionary's story with skill, judgment and a sense of compassion.

OBSCURE COMMUNISM: THE LEFT-WING ALTERNATIVE, by Daniel and Gabriel Cohn-Bendit. One of the leaders of the near-revolution that shook France during last year's fateful "days of May" joins forces with his brother to examine the student-worker revolt. Their absorbing chronicle concludes by blaming the revolt's failure on the Communist Party, French trade unions and the left-wing establishment.

HIS TOY, HIS DREAM, HIS REST, by John Berryman. Using a fictional white middle-aged American named Henry as his mouthpiece, Berryman comments on a whole range of human experience, particularly life during the past eleven years, and completes the poem cycle begun in *77 Dream Songs*.

JOYCE CARY, by Malcolm Foster. The discontent of the artist in organized society emerges as the major theme in this first full-scale biography of the late author of such novels as *The Horse's Mouth* and *Herself Surprised*.

ALEXANDER POPE, by Peter Quennell. A considered, selective and urbane biography of the great 18th century poet, satirist and curmudgeon.

SILENCE ON MONTE SOLE, by Jack Olsen. An account of the Nazis' liquidation of 1,800 people on an Italian mountainside that draws its strength from the author's careful research and unorthodox style.

THE ARMS OF KRUPP, by William Manchester. The "smokestack barons" of the Ruhr, whose arsenal armed Germany in two world wars, are portrayed in an encyclopedic history of their most powerful and eccentric family.

MILLIAS AND THE RUSKINS, by Mary Lutgens. The odd marriage of the Victorian critic and esthetic is given an enlightened going-over by a British biographer.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Solzburg Connection*, MacInnes (I last week)
2. *A Small Town in Germany*, le Carré (2)
3. *Airport*, Hailey (4)
4. *Force 10 from Navarone*, MacLean (6)
5. *Preserve and Protect*, Drury (3)
6. *The First Circle*, Solzhenitsyn (5)
7. *A World of Profit*, Auchincloss (9)
8. *The Beastly Beatitudes of Balhazar B.*, Donlevy (7)
9. *The Hurricane Years*, Hawley (8)
10. *And Other Stories*, O'Hara (10)

NONFICTION

1. *The Money Game*, 'Adam Smith' (1)
2. *Instant Replay*, Kramer (2)
3. *The Joys of Yiddish*, Rosten (6)
4. *Thirteen Days*, Kennedy
5. *The Valachi Papers*, Maas (5)
6. *The Arms of Krupp*, Manchester (4)
7. *Sixty Years on the Firing Line*, Krock (7)
8. *The Day Kennedy Was Shot*, Bishop (3)
9. *The Rich and the Super-Rich*, Lundberg (8)
10. *Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program for Men and Women*, Craig

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themselves through vocational re-
habilitation. But Goodwill needs
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Can you ignore this urgent
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LETTERS

Conflict or Cooperation

Sir: Your excellent article on the strained relations between blacks and Jews [Jan. 31] forcefully points out a problem, of which many Jews in suburbia are either unaware or have not concerned themselves. This cancer, however, has now reached epidemic proportions, and it is time for positive constructive action from Jews and blacks to cure this sickness.

MORTON H. ARONSON
President

Temple Aliyah
Needham, Mass.

Sir: As one who has been greatly encouraged by the thoughtful and constructive Essays carried by your magazine in recent months on present-day economic and social problems, I was deeply disturbed and distressed by what I consider unfortunate, almost irresponsible reporting of the current tensions between the black and Jewish populations. Your failure to point to the positive, significant relationships between these two ethnic groups—which far outweigh the incidents of hostility—not only tends to exacerbate the situation, but reflects unbalanced and subjective reporting.

I refer to the substantial number of Jewish citizens who are active, contributing members of civil rights efforts and organizations—to the many who have played key roles in promoting integrated housing or stimulating black entrepreneurship—and to those who have been diligent in meaningfully involving blacks in industries traditionally dominated by Jews: retail sales, advertising, television, motion pictures, etc.

Most of all, I feel that the masses of black people who are obviously not anti-Semitic were done a great disservice by your failure to refer to the strong and positive statements made by the leadership of such organizations as the Urban League and the N.A.C.P. Rather, there was the tragic regression to the old irresponsible habit of singling out the vicious words of individuals who in no way can be considered representative spokesmen for black people.

I recognize that it is far easier to report conflict than cooperation, but this is hardly a luxury that a reputable publication like TIME can afford at this critical period.

WHITNEY M. YOUNG JR.
Executive Director
National Urban League, Inc.
Manhattan

Sir: Let us cease arguing about which group had it tougher in the past, and instead concentrate on which behaves more responsibly today.

VIRGINIA U. PROUT
Greenwich, Conn.

Sir: How hypocritical of Rhody McCoy to expect the Jew to be more noble because of the persecution he faced but not to expect the same of the black man. And how conciliatory of him to state that black anti-Semitism is just following the mainstream of white anti-Semitism.

CAROLE K. SILVERMAN
Manhattan

Sir: Can this be a Wasp plot to divide and conquer by setting two main opponents off against each other?

A. HURWICH
El Cajon, Calif.

Sir: TIME has achieved a new "high" not once but twice, in two successive cover stories, "To Heal a Nation" and "Black vs. Jew" are far and away the ablest, most perceptive and best balanced diagnoses of the nation's two most urgent and baffling internal problems: the deeper causes, and perhaps some prescription for cure, of the pervasive and profound malaise which afflicts the nation's psyche, and the highly complex and intractable confrontation of the nation's two largest and most influential minorities—an alienation which cannot possibly be understood or mitigated merely as resurgent "anti-Semitism." More, these two masterly pieces take places among the half-dozen most distinguished articles in TIME's 46 years.

HENRY P. VAN DUSEN
Union Theological Seminary
Manhattan

Curing the Ills

Sir: We want to express our sincere gratitude for your excellent program "To Heal a Nation" [Jan. 24]. We hope and urge that you measure and criticize the present Administration's performance on the basis of its serious commitment to the legislative enactment of this program for social and domestic betterment.

As a journal of great influence you can prod our leaders into a sense of greater responsibility.

RONALD BUSH, S.J.

PAUL J. BERNADICOU, S.J.

Collegio S. Roberto Bellarmino
Rome, Italy

Sir: Your analysis of the American scene should be reprinted in leather form and put into the hands of every American citizen; it is possible to reach. Certainly it should be sent to all top government officials.

J. D. BLANCHARD

Groton, N.Y.

Sir: The advocacy of the reconstitution of the 50 states into twelve political entities by the Center for Democratic Studies at Santa Barbara has an *amicus curiae* in the U.S. Constitution itself. Article IV, Section 3 says that the "junction of states" is not prohibited if approved by the Congress and the states concerned.

CHARLES DELACY

Chicago

Sir: Right; the Constitution could stand some upgrading, done preferably by people whose responsibility matches the scope.

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riousness of the task. What qualifies the "tweedy" ones in Santa Barbara to take the lead in such a vital matter?

LESLIE O. VARGARDY
Glendora, Calif.

Cabinet Complaints

Sir: So our new Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare is a chain smoker [Jan. 24]. Ho, hum—file Robert Finch under "Do as I say, not as I do."

LORRAINE G. ADAIR
Kingston, N.Y.

Sir: Sorry to read about Maurice Stans, the new Secretary of Commerce bagging a rare antelope in the Congo. I wonder if these people who kill in order to have more stimulating "cocktail conversation" are really people with human qualities, love for life, or if they possess any real compassion for anything.

NONA CHAFFIN
Thousand Oaks, Calif.

Gilt-Edged Retirement

Sir: I am wondering how many hungry people could be fed with the half-million dollars it will cost the taxpayers for Millicent ex-President Johnson's first year of retirement [Jan. 31].

MRS. F. M. WILDE
Baltimore

The Commander's Compassion

Sir: My husband and I have been blessed with four boys—the oldest will register for the draft in March. Our greatest joy in life will be to see these boys mature and live on as our heritage.

We owe thanks to Commander Bucher and his compassion for the lives of his men [Jan. 31].

MRS. GEORGE DOYLE
Downers Grove, Ill.

Sir: Your Essay on prisoners of war tops them all. I am deeply thankful to you for saying so well what I have been saying privately. You said it all with one exception—condemnation for whoever withheld the Government's "confession" for those eleven long months.

(MRS.) M. HAMMOND
Portland, Me.

Shades of Henry VIII

Sir: Thank you for bringing to the attention of the American public the disgusting injustice that has long plagued the Catholics in Northern Ireland [Jan. 31]. Granted, the British have come a long way since the days of Henry VIII—

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but they still have a long way to come before Northern Ireland comes out of the Dark Ages.

LYNN CHENEY

St. Joseph, Mo.

Americans All

Sir Your Essay on Wasps [Jan. 17] and the readers' response, speak volumes about "the great American nightmare." Aren't they all—or shouldn't they all be—Americans, without so subtly and so childishly reclassifying themselves according to who their great, great ancestors were?

MRS. CARLOS A. VÁZQUEZ
Río Piedras, Puerto Rico

Worth the Price

Sir In your "People-Smuggling" story [Jan. 31] you chide these fellows for carrying on a "strictly commercial venture." In 1953 such a profiteering fellow led me and five others across the Austro-Hungarian border; the risks were fantastic and he collected a well-deserved \$1,000 for each of us after doing an excellent and very emotional job of it. Later that year he was shot by border guards. He was going back to smuggle out his fiancee. Believe me, no mere profiteer was he, but I would not take a penny less for that kind of an occupation.

TIBOR R. MACHAN

Coleto, Calif.

Flu Manchu

Sir As a British sufferer from A₂, HK-68, I protest against the use of the term "Hong Kong" flu [Jan. 31]. The crown

colony was the first victim, not the originator, of the epidemic. The virus was clearly manufactured in the secret mainland laboratories of China, probably under the malevolent supervision of Sax Rohmer's archfiend, the Devil Doctor himself.

The illness could more properly be named Flu Manchu.

DEREK SMITH

London

Drop Everything

Sir If all Glen Campbell is waiting for is to have it made—"If I can just make a 40-year-old housewife put down her dish towel and say 'OH'"—he has it made. I'll drop anything, including my 21-year-old daughter, to watch him.

BETTY C. LAVENDER

Tallahassee, Fla.

Adventure in Adversity

Sir Having been to Morocco last summer I would hardly label it a holiday haven [Jan. 31]. It could be more aptly termed an adventure in adversity. The oppressive heat, omnipresent filth and the questionable quality of the food are some of the obstacles that confront the tourist in a rigid test of endurance.

Yet compared with the interminable plight of its people such discomforts are minor.

CAROL SIMONEFFI

Elmont, N.Y.

Sir I found your article most disconcerting. In my entire life I have seen nothing so perverse as these jet-age pleasure-seekers unwillingly mutilating the natural

charm of an isolated environment—destroying the very reason for which they came. In a short time the salient features of Morocco will not be deserted mosques or lonely hills but the tinsel and glitter of hotels, the ugly stretches of concrete highways, and most regrettably, the ubiquitous tourist.

GREGG RABE

Minneapolis

That Animal That Is Woman

Sir Concerning your article "Ethology That Animal That Is Man" [Jan. 17] you are speaking only of the adult male portion of humanity. Let's hear with no more delay of some of the fantasies and other relevant data pertaining to the majority of the species—the female. I received a gnawing and finally persistent feeling as I read this article that an enormous portion of the story had not been written.

MRS. G. E. VAUCLANT

Cambridge, Mass.

The Bitter Woods

Sir Regarding your review of my book *The Bitter Woods* [Jan. 31], the book is very frankly a study of "rational men doing a skilled job" at all echelons. These include my father. For a lot of blood-and-guts stories look elsewhere. Since I tried to make *The Bitter Woods* readable, I would be disappointed if it did indeed resemble an "exercise at a war college." However, I remind you that this is no treatise on toilet training for infants.

JOHN EISENHOWER

Valley Forge, Pa.



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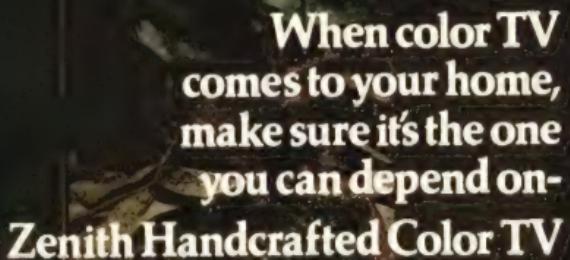


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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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THE NATION

A NEW LEADERSHIP EMERGES

THINGS began to happen in Washington. After three months of cautious groundwork since the election and three weeks of intensive study and preparation since the Inauguration, the Nixon Administration signaled an end to the presidential interregnum—that period after the previous chief executive has departed and before the new one has found his pace. Though Richard Nixon remained fascinated by procedure and form, the predominant note of the week was movement. In both foreign and domestic policy, the U.S. for the first time felt the guiding hand of its new leadership.

Perhaps the most impressive fact about that leadership was that it moved so affirmatively in so many directions. It made a conciliatory bow to Europe, as to an old friend whose acquaintance has been all too neglected of late. It spoke soothingly, but with extreme correctness, in the direction of the Russians, inviting them to begin a new chapter in Soviet-American relations. As for the U.S., the Administration displayed determination to heal old wounds while it contemplated new ventures.

All of this was symbolized by President Nixon's second press conference, in which—using neither lectern nor notes—he held forth with a confidence that left no room for even his initial display of nervousness. He spoke mainly of foreign affairs, and opened by announcing that he will spend a week on working tour of the capitals of Western Europe at the end of this month. Secretary of State William Rogers and Presidential Assistant Henry Kissinger will go along, though Nixon aims to meet tête-à-tête with the heads of government in Belgium, Britain, West Germany, Italy and France. He will also see Pope Paul VI in Rome, and make the ritual visit to West Berlin that has become almost compulsory. It will be the first European tour by a U.S. President since John Kennedy's triumphant swing in June 1963.

No breakthroughs. The European tour is both good international tactics and sensible domestic strategy. Europeans were outspokenly dismayed by Lyndon Johnson's preoccupation with Asia at the expense of older Atlantic allies. Nixon's trip will counter that impression, perhaps inspire new purpose in NATO, and probably advance a Franco-American rapprochement. At home,

the President can hardly expect a sudden breakthrough in the overwhelming problems of racial discord and dissent about the Viet Nam war. Europe is the area in which he can best hope to make some quick and perhaps dramatic progress.

The President's European consultations are part of a new stance toward the Soviet Union, an approach that is coming to be known in Washington as "total diplomacy." By building Western unity, President Nixon hopes to strengthen the U.S. position across the spectrum of common concerns with the U.S.S.R. In the President's now familiar words, he believes that this should be "an era of negotiation instead of confrontation." Unlike his predecessor, he also believes that negotiations should cover tough global political differences as well as the purely military matters that the Russians have been more eager to discuss. While Nixon has deferred answering a new Soviet proposal for arms-control discussions, he pressed ahead last week for Senate ratification of the nonproliferation treaty banning the spread of nuclear weapons to nations that do not now have them. He also accepted in principle a French proposal for joint U.S.-Soviet-British-French talks on the Middle East crisis, which

more and more seems out of control.

Although Nixon describes this as part of "a new policy on the part of the U.S. in assuming the initiative," the main U.S. thrust continues to be toward agreement between the U.S. and the Soviet Union on a solution to the Arab-Israeli impasse. Nixon's men also intend to make bilateral probes of French and British attitudes through their delegations at the U.N. When the four-power talks eventually take place, the U.S. wants to make sure that it does not find itself on the short end of a three-to-one international line-up over the Middle East.

The President also scotched talk of an immediate summit meeting with the Russians, though he did not rule it out for the future. "I take a dim view of what some have called instant summity," he told the White House reporters. What is more, he explained, "I have long felt that before we have meetings of summity with the Soviet leaders, it is vitally important that we have talks with our European allies, which is what we are doing."

Candy from Congress. If the Nixon Administration is moving with short, measured steps to deal with its foreign problems, its tempo in domestic matters seems slower and less specified. Dur-



NIXON GREETED CROWD ON WAY TO KEY BISCAYNE
Moving to make his mark on a dozen fronts.



NIXON AT SECOND PRESS CONFERENCE

ing the week, Nixon let it be known that he would recommend overhaul—though not outright abolition—of the Electoral College system. He said that he favored tax reforms designed to meet mounting congressional clamor for closing some of the loopholes that allow many of the very rich to live entirely tax-free. He has been in close touch with Arkansas Democrat Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee and the most powerful man in Congress on fiscal matters.

Nixon even made a move that proved unpopular with the Republicans in Congress. He decreed that it was "time to bite the bullet" and end political appointment of postmasters and rural mail carriers, urging their selection by competitive exams. Such men and women number some 63,000; all patronage jobs handed out by the party in presidential power." Nixon thus moved toward carrying out the aims of the Kappel report, which called for removing the postal system from politics entirely. Complained one Republican Representative: "It's like taking candy away from a kid who has waited for it a long time." Still, Congressmen have long complained privately of getting their own fingers stuck when they name one of the party faithful to such a job, they instantly make enemies of dozens of other hopefuls.

There is a good chance of further difficulty for some Congressmen in Nixon's appointment of Dr John Hannah, 66, president of Michigan State University and chairman of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, as head of the embattled Agency for International Development. Hannah is an astute, strong-willed man with years of experience in dealing with state legislatures and with Congress, and he promises to be a formidable adversary for Congressmen intent on cutting foreign aid.

Respect and Friendship. The President seemed intent upon leaving old attitudes behind. Though in the past he has referred proudly to his role in drafting the Taft-Hartley Act provisions for dealing with national-emergency strikes, he called those arrangements "outmoded." A correspondent asked him, "In light of your more than passing familiarity with the Hiss case," to comment on right-wing objections to the supposed past associations of Charles Yost, Nixon's UN Ambassador, with Alger Hiss. Nixon firmly rejected the bait. "What I am looking to now," he said curtly, "is his capability to handle the problems of the future, and not events that occurred over 20 years ago." Besides, he added, "there is no ques-

* Nixon is hardly the first President to have been vexed by the question of post-office patronage. In 1861, just after the Union defeat at Bull Run, Abraham Lincoln confided to an old Illinois law associate what had annoyed him in the presidency more than anything else: "The fight over two post offices—one at our Bloomington, and the other in Pennsylvania."

tion about his loyalty to this country."

Nixon's most impressive—and magnanimous—pronouncement to date may well have been his candid admission that even his own post-election task force on education "pointed up that I was not considered as a friend by many of our black citizens." Nixon went on: "I can only say that by my actions as President I hope to rectify that." The President, he said, "represents all the people. He is a friend to all the people. And I hope that I can gain the respect and I hope, eventually, the friendship of black citizens and other Americans." N.A.A.C.P. Executive Director Roy Wilkins conferred with Nixon for half an hour late last week. Wilkins criticized the President for moving too slowly in cutting off federal aid to school districts that lag behind in desegregating. Still, there was some cheer in an otherwise solemn week: a delegation of 15 Scouts and Explorers came to the White House and gave him a fishing rod to mark the start of National Boy Scout Week.

Easing the Path. Obviously briefed for his news conference, Nixon breezed through 24 questions in 30 minutes with only a few gaffes. Warily, as though they were still uncertain what to make of the man, U.S. headline-writers have assiduously avoided calling the new President "R.M.N." on the model of "J.F.K." or "L.B.J." or "Dick." though they never boggled at "Ike." For all that, his candor and directness have won him the increasing esteem of even his harsher critics in the press. He has appeared uncommonly open and responsive; even when he feels that he must duck a question, he explains why it would be unwise to answer. The lesson of Lyndon Johnson's "credibility gap" does not seem to have been lost on Richard Nixon. By making that effort, while beginning to move his Administration forward, he has already made the path of his presidency easier.

Nixon's New Humor (Cont'd)

As a wielder of behind-the-scenes influence, South Carolina's Senator Strom Thurmond is sometimes pictured as a rival of Rasputin. In return for the South's electoral support, the stories went, it was Thurmond who had final clearance on Richard Nixon's vice-presidential choice Spiro Agnew, during the Republican Convention in Miami. Nixon recently alluded to his Dixie friend with some of his newly discovered humor. It was delivered at a dinner of the Alfalfa Club, a group of top businessmen, professionals and Government officials that starts off the term of a new President by putting forward, as a joke, their own choice (this year's joke: Harold Stassen). The was to pick a running mate. Nixon said, was to collect recommendations from friends and politicians, and mull them over until the mind clears in the early morning solitude of a hotel room. "And then," said the President, "you ask, 'What's his name? Strom?'"



WITH BOY SCOUT LEADER



WITH N.A.A.C.P.'S WILKINS
No room for nervousness.

KISSINGER: THE USES AND LIMITS OF POWER

GENERAL Curtis LeMay, the retired Air Force Chief of Staff, was attending a stag dinner in the country with old friends when the conversation turned to the recent appointment of Henry Kissinger as Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs. The general stood and grumped: "I remember him. He was a crypto-left-winger when he was teaching at Harvard and a dangerous pinko when he was serving John Kennedy." Another former general in the group arose and said, "Curt, I can forgive you occasionally for not knowing what you're talking about. But in this case it's obvious you don't know who you're talking about. You've mixed up Henry Kissinger with Arthur Schlesinger." LeMay nodded sheepishly and sat down.

Of course, it is difficult to keep track of all the intellectuals with strange-sounding names and unorthodox notions who orbit the campuses, think tanks and Government. While renowned in those circles, Henry Alfred Kissinger is not exactly, as Spiro Agnew might have said, a household name. Though he has never been a diplomat, he knows more foreign leaders than many State Department careerists. A superficial reading of some of his works makes him seem like a hawk, but many intellectual doves regard him as Richard Nixon's most astute appointment. Bonn, London and Paris may disagree on a score of issues, but they are in happy unanimity in their respect for him; even Moscow is not displeased.

Two Great Temptations

He advised three Administrations before this one, and roundly criticized key policies of the Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson regimes. He has never held an important administrative job in Government but after only three weeks in his post, Kissinger has assembled a foreign-policy staff and structure in the White House basement that is already having a clear impact on the President's actions.

From the moment of his selection in December, Government officials, fellow academics and journalists have scrutinized his every move. William Buckley wrote to him: "Not since Florence Nightingale has any public figure received such universal acclamation." Senator Jacob Javits commented that Kissinger's appointment could prove to be the most significant the President has made, because "it is in foreign policy that the Nixon Administration will make its mark."

The two major questions about Kissinger are: What does he stand for and how much power does he have? On the first, he has documented himself over a dozen years with many hundreds of pages on diplomatic history, military strategy and foreign relations—

although his views, seldom rigid, have evolved on a number of points. Perhaps the most interesting fact about him is that he has not fallen into either of the two great temptations that have beset American foreign policy in the past—excessive idealism and excessive pragmatism. He believes in the concept of order, but he does not believe that it is to be achieved through preaching or the imposition on others of a vision, however noble, by force. He thinks it can be achieved only step by step with a clear view of one's goal, but the greatest flexibility of method. He wants to teach the U.S., so lately come to international leadership, what he considers the alpha-to-omega lessons for a major power: the need for "greater concep-

ty was negotiated without enough consideration for possible adverse effects: dismay in some Western European capitals over what was essentially a Moscow-Washington deal and the encouragement to some countries, like India and Japan, to consider going the nuclear route alone.

As to how much power Kissinger has, it is too soon to gauge his long-term influence on Nixon. For the present, he clearly has a great deal. He sees the President an average of 90 minutes a day, apart from formal meetings of the National Security Council. Secretary of State William Rogers and Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird are not experts in their fields; Kissinger is in his. While Rogers and Laird have been



THE NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL
Alpha-to-omega lessons in power.

tualization." He wants the nation to indulge in self-interrogation: "What are we attempting to do? How would we measure success? What kind of world are we trying to bring about?"

He insists that the U.S. should understand both the potentials and limitations of its strength. He believes that it has been too reluctant to "think in terms of power and equilibrium." It has not grasped the fundamental importance of operating from the stable base of a widely accepted world view. In his philosophy, the empirical approach that has served the U.S. so well in other fields can prove misleading in foreign affairs; it tends to produce *ad hoc* solutions pegged to the crisis of the moment, but not necessarily to pre-determined needs and interest. In realistic terms, no policy can be expected to succeed unless it anticipates not only the desired outcome but also the other side effects it may produce. For instance, the nuclear nonproliferation trea-

relatively slow in reorganizing their mammoth departments. Kissinger immediately attracted attention by his speedy recruitment of staff members, many of them well-known specialists. Most of his aides were in place by Inauguration Day, and the Kissinger staff began immediately to grind out position papers.

A Certain Wariness

As a result, Kissinger is already widely suspected in Washington of being a would-be usurper of the powers traditionally delegated to the State and Defense Departments and other branches of Government. Senate Foreign Relations Chairman J. William Fulbright fears that the new NSC organization will "move in the direction of taking very important matters out of the hands of the traditional agencies, most of which felt a responsibility to Congress." In the White House itself, one aide who is close to Nixon says: "Kissinger is seen

as tremendously talented, energetic and hard-working, going all the time. But there is a certain wariness about him and the whole empire he is building." The President has been forced to issue repeated assurances that Secretary of State William Rogers is indeed the principal adviser on foreign policy, and the State Department the principal executor of that policy.

Theoretically, Kissinger's main job is not to advise the President on a particular course of action in a given situation. Rather it is to draw on the resources of the operating agencies—primarily State, Defense and the Central Intelligence Agency—and develop all the information and options available so that the President can reach decisions with the fullest possible understanding of their ultimate implications.

To that end, the machinery surrounding the National Security Council has been elaborately revised.

"Foreign policy," says Kissinger, "isn't made by answering cables." Nixon remembered only too well the efforts during the Eisenhower Administration to establish a workable structure through the National Security Council. The forms were created, but there was not much in the way of ideas. In reaction, John Kennedy swept away the NSC substructure and relied on more spontaneous methods. Lyndon Johnson virtually abandoned the NSC and used the "Tuesday luncheon" with top advisers as the principal form of deliberation. The meetings were so informal that there is no known official record of the discussions or the decisions made over the table. There was no machinery for the systematic follow-up of policy.

Nixon came into office determined to restore some of the formalities of the Eisenhower years and at the same time make them more creative. As in the past, there are five planning subcommittees with responsibility for as many areas of the world. Now, however, they will come under the NSC instead of the State Department, although an Assistant Secretary of State will act as chairman of each. To these are being added five groups set up by function (see chart).

No Basement Policy

After the subgroups complete work on a given issue, the conclusions are sent to a new NSC review board, chaired by Kissinger. Here competing views are refined and new material can be added. It is Kissinger's review board that prepares the final working document for NSC consideration. Finally, after an NSC decision has been made, overseeing its implementation among the departments becomes the responsibility of a committee headed by Under Secretary of State Elliot Richardson. Kissinger is a member of that body as well.

How well this machinery will work remains to be seen. Kissinger insists that the organizational changes that give the National Security staff formal responsibility for coordination of planning will create neither a bottleneck nor a trespass on the rights of Cabinet officers such as Rogers and Laird. "I'm not making policy in

the White House basement," he contends. "When policy comes to be seen as my policy, then I've failed." He adds: "If Cabinet officers sense that I use this position to regulate the flow of information so that the outcome is in the direction of my preferred point of view, then I've lost my effectiveness." Since taking office, Kissinger has said nothing publicly on substantive issues.

Caustically Critical

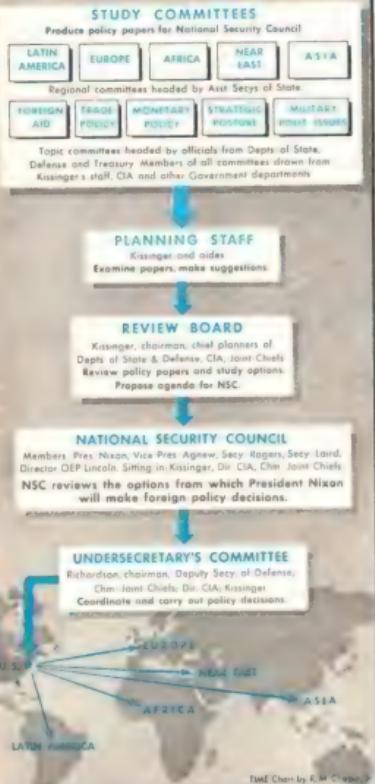
Kissinger's somewhat anguished protestations that he knows his place may not avail him much. The middle echelons of the State Department, for instance, are always fearful of being trampled upon by the White House staff; it was no different when George Bush held Kissinger's post. Critics have sometimes accused Kissinger of having an ego as big as his intellect. They have raised eyebrows at the fact that he worked for different Administrations (nothing very unusual as such), and noted that, while serving as Candidate Nelson Rockefeller's foreign-policy adviser, he was often caustically critical of Richard Nixon. The inevitable crack that traveled from Harvard to the corridors of the State Department: "I wonder who's Kissinger now."

Humility is not his hallmark. When he served as a consultant to the Kennedy Administration, he disagreed with its European policy. He pressed his views insistently and was indignant when they were ignored. He resigned because of that. "I think I was right on the substance," he says now, "but I was insensitive in my reaction." While he was working for Rockefeller, he was told once that a speech he had written was being redone. "When Nelson buys a Picasso," he snapped, "he does not hire four house painters to improve it."

He is of average height, compact build, sandy-haired, composed and inconspicuous. He is 45, but he easily could pass for several years less—or more. Horn-rimmed glasses obscure his grey eyes. On first meeting, he can smile shyly and even indulge in professorial persiflage, as if to belie his reputation for being brusque with colleagues, students and office help. "There cannot be a crisis next week," he jokes, in a softly Germanic accent. "My schedule is already full."

Indeed it is. In setting up the new machinery and addressing the problems that confront the Nixon Administration, Kissinger has been working six days a week from 7:30 a.m. to near midnight. His new bachelor quarters overlooking Rock Creek Park are a shambles; he got home to dress for an intimate White House dinner one night unsure whether he would find a dinner jacket and black tie. He arrived back at the White House 20 minutes late. The critic who has always demanded "creativity" of government smiles wanly and says he dreads the moment when someone will approach him with a new idea; he fears

Making Foreign Policy



he might not have time to consider it. For the time being, he says, he is living off "intellectual capital."

The NSC has been meeting twice a week. So far there have been no far-reaching decisions on any major issue, but interim decisions of considerable significance are being made for the future. In some of them, Kissinger's thinking has been clearly evident.

In confronting the Middle East, there was no time for exhaustive review before a decision was made. The new Administration inherited insistent pressure for concerted action by the four big powers. A hurried staff survey produced seven options that really amounted to three broad choices: do nothing, press for an overall settlement, or work for smaller measures of amelioration. The first and third alternatives were dismissed. Too much is at stake in a situation that some in Washington compare to the pre-World War I Balkans. At his first press conference, Nixon stressed this grave view. Then the Administration answered the French request for Big Four action by agreeing to explore the question at the United Nations. The idea is that the U.S. would actually join a formal Big Four meeting only if earlier talks showed that results were likely.

Skeptical Questions

On Viet Nam, an initial canvass of Government departments produced no very deep insights for the NSC. Therefore Kissinger's staff sent out a new request, National Security Council Memorandum No. 1, which posed about three dozen questions, some of them exhaustively detailed. The tone of the query was skeptical. Consequently, those in the bureaucracy who are relatively optimistic about the state of the war were upset. For others, who believe the war effort is still going badly and that the Saigon government's position is not improving as it should, it was a welcome opportunity to get their view on record. The gist of some questions: What support would the anti-Communists in the South be able to muster if they had to compete politically with the National Liberation Front? Would the pacification effort survive another major Communist assault? What are the real prospects for the South Vietnamese army to hold its own without U.S. combat units?

The deadline for answers is this week. While the Administration gropes for a new handle on the negotiations and the war itself, the U.S. delegation at the Paris talks has been seeking agreement on restoring the demilitarized zone that separates North and South Viet Nam. It is also trying to arrange prisoner exchanges. More generally, it is exploring the possibility of mutual U.S.-North Vietnamese troop withdrawals.

Aside from the formal talks at the Hotel Majestic, American representa-

From Fürth to the White House Basement

In the German city of Fürth, in Middle Franconia, few people remember the Kissingers. Before World War II, Henry Kissinger's father Louis, now 82 and living in Manhattan with his wife Paula, was a respected *Stadtdeinrat*, or high school teacher. The family enjoyed a middle-class life: a five-room flat, many books, a servant and a piano, which young Heinz avoided practicing whenever possible. He preferred soccer.

When the Nazis gained power, life became difficult and dangerous. "The other children would beat us up," Henry recalls now. His father was forced to retire, but thought that the madness would pass and tried to wait it out. Finally the pressure became too much. Concerned that Heinz and a younger brother, Walter, would not get a proper education, Louis Kissinger took his family to America in 1938.

The father did not have an easy time in New York. Unable to get a teaching post, he wound up working in an office. To this day, his heart is in Fürth. He has been back to visit twice, and two weeks ago wrote to the local newspaper to ask for clippings of stories about his son, Heinz, who soon became Henry, adapted much more easily. In Germany, he had been an average student. In Manhattan's George Washington High School, he became a straight-A pupil.

After going on active duty in the Army in 1943, Kissinger soon found himself an interrogator in counter-intelligence. At one point, though only a sergeant, he was put in charge of administering a small German town, then a county with a population of 140,000. Later he was assigned to the faculty of an Army intelligence school in Oberammergau, teaching modern German history to officers ranking as high as lieutenant colonel. The disparity in military status became embarrassing. In 1946, he was made a civilian employee of the Army, with a salary of \$10,000 and a captain's rank in the Army Reserve. But by the next year he was restless. "I know nothing," he told a friend. He won a Government scholarship that began his long association with Harvard.

As a student, he was brilliant. He won his B.A. in government in three years, *summa cum laude*. His doctorate came in 1954. By then he was serving as a consultant to a number of Government agencies, teaching at Harvard and running a group called the Harvard International Seminar, which sponsored student exchange programs. It was partially sub-

sidized by CIA funds secretly channeled through foundations. Kissinger now says that he was unaware of the subsidy until the story of CIA funding came out two years ago.

Kissinger was married in 1949 to the former Ann Fleischer; they were divorced in 1964, and their two children, Elizabeth, 9, and David, 7, live with her in Belmont, Mass. Those who have known him for many years say that he has mellowed since the divorce. One Harvard colleague observes: "Until the divorce, he had had string of victories. The breakup was something new." He lost 30 lbs. His students found him more approachable, his classes more con-

ERIK STOLZE/ASSOCIATED PRESS



PAULA & LOUIS KISSINGER

genial. He was able to spend more time reading novels and history.

After 1954, his interest in strategic studies became paramount. He published *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, and Kissinger became a full member in that segment of the intellectual community—the new technocracy of academic experts in public affairs—that is now never far from Government.

Kissinger was already consultant to the director of the NSC's Psychological Strategy Board. Nelson Rockefeller took him on in 1956 as director of special Rockefeller Brothers Fund studies. Though Nixon read *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy* and sent Kissinger an admiring note, the two met only a year ago at a Christmas party. "We both hate cocktail parties," Kissinger recalls, "and we were both trying to avoid making small talk." When Nixon moved into the Oval Office, Kissinger found himself close by in the White House basement. They have had no difficulty avoiding small talk.

continued on page 20

tives in Paris have maintained informal contacts with North Vietnamese envoys at a secret location. These unofficial discussions have accomplished nothing so far. The idea of continuing them accords with the approach Kissinger outlined just before Nixon appointed him: Washington and Hanoi should settle whatever issues they can between them, while leaving as many internal Vietnamese questions as possible to the Vietnamese themselves. Like Nixon, Kissinger has not attacked the basic U.S. commitment in Viet Nam, though he has been critical of Lyndon Johnson's "ad hoc decisions made under pressure." While working for Rockefeller, Kissinger framed a plan for mutual U.S.-North Vietnamese military withdrawal, leading eventually to a political settlement.

The New Linkage

Perhaps the most complicated and fateful issue facing the Nixon Administration—and one likely to be unresolved long after the Vietnamese war has ended—is an agreement on arms restraint with the Russians. Because the Johnson Administration and the Soviets agreed last summer to begin talks aimed at holding down offensive and defensive nuclear weaponry, the Nixon Administration expects to come under increasing domestic pressure to follow through with the negotiations. The President has said repeatedly that he favors such talks, but he has added a crucial new element to the equation by linking the arms question to the general political atmosphere in the world. What Washington is now saying to Moscow, in effect, is that the U.S. requires an earnest of good intentions.

Will the Soviets now continue to back the Arab states down the line, keeping the flash point high with military as-

sistance and advisers? Will the Russians make a more active effort to induce Hanoi to compromise? Will the old cycle of crisis and relaxation in West Berlin continue? The Nixon Administration does not hold out for a full settlement on any or all of these problems as a precondition of arms talks. It doubts that any general, genuine *détente* is possible in the immediate future. Rather, it hopes to make the world "less risky and more tolerable," as one official puts it.

For its part, Washington is making some conciliatory gestures. Nixon's request for prompt Senate approval of the nuclear nonproliferation treaty is one example. Another is that he no longer asks "clear-cut superiority" for the U.S. in nuclear capability, as he did during the campaign, but now speaks of "sufficiency."

The linkage of arms and political issues is a reversal of the approach during the Kennedy and Johnson years, when the U.S. pursued limited nuclear pacts with the Russians regardless of other considerations. Kissinger spelled out his reasoning most recently in an essay published two months ago: "The risk is great that if there is no penalty for [Soviet] intransigence, there is no incentive for reconciliation. The Kremlin may use negotiations—including arms control—as a safety valve to dissipate Western suspicions rather than as a serious endeavor to resolve concrete disputes or to remove the scourge of war."

Implicit in this approach is the belief that weaponry itself, even the destructive power of nuclear arms, is not to blame for the cold war confrontations that might produce general war. With the possible exception of the Cuban missile crisis, the major tension points since World War II have developed over what Kissinger terms problems of "structure"—the two Germanys, the two Koreas, the two Viet-

Nams, the Arab-Israeli impasse. Dangerous turmoil in Asia, Africa and Latin America, of course, is a legacy of events that began long before most people had ever heard of atoms, let alone atom bombs. The Nixon Administration apparently views the weapons issue by itself with less urgency than its predecessor did.

At a Crossroads

M.I.T. Professor George Rathjens, who was until 1965 assistant to the director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, summarized the case for prompt action last month: "We are in effect at a crossroads. We and the Soviet Union now have a better chance than we are likely to have in the foreseeable future to make decisions that may enable us to avoid or at least moderate another spiral in the strategic arms race."

But the Nixon Administration thinks it has considerable leeway. It believes that no vital decisions must be made in the next few months, at least, that would commit the U.S. irrevocably to further nuclear escalation. During this period, a determination can be made whether broad-scale talks with the Russians are feasible.

Meanwhile, the U.S. debate over the arms question is taking on national proportions, spurred largely by the anti-ballistic missile (ABM) project called Sentinel. Until 1967, McNamara resisted pressure from the Joint Chiefs of Staff to go ahead with this type of weapon. Many scientists and civilian planners argued that it was always easier and cheaper for the adversary to improve his offensive equipment by using decoys, multiple warheads and other devices, than it was for the other side to build an adequate defense. It thus seemed wiser to continue to improve the U.S. offensive capability, thereby



SERGEANT KISSINGER AT BERCHTESGADEN (1945)

In quest of a course between excessive idealism and excessive pragmatism.



FAREWELL SEMINAR AT HARVARD



METTERNICH

Toward coalitions of shared purposes.

perpetuating what the planners call "assured destruction," the ability to devastate the Soviet Union even after absorbing a first strike.

While work on new U.S. offensive missiles continued, the Russians accelerated expansion of their attack forces at a faster rate than Washington had anticipated, and had begun deploying their own ABM system around Moscow. The Soviet catch-up drive, together with China's nuclear development program and the approaching 1968 election, finally pushed the Johnson Administration into the ABM competition. Under Johnson, the U.S. planned a so-called "thin" ABM system, at an estimated cost of \$5 billion, to protect against a relatively primitive Chinese missile attack in the 1970s. However, many believe that the project, once begun, would inevitably grow into a "thick" defense against a Russian strike at a cost of \$50 billion or more. Last week the Nixon Administration temporarily halted work on the Sentinel pending a new review. Intelligence reports indicate that the Russians, probably because they questioned its efficiency, last year slowed installation of their ABM system.

What is relatively certain is that the U.S. at the moment retains the capacity to decimate any enemy, although the Russians have come a long way in catching up in numerical terms. Both sides are pressing ahead with technical advances, although the U.S. has a substantial lead. One example the newest Russian missile, the SS-13, is roughly the equivalent of the U.S. Minuteman I, which is already being replaced with a later, much improved model. A still more modern weapon, containing multiple warheads capable of individual

targeting (the MIRV missile), will be operational in about two years. Russia is also working on a MIRV. In the category of warheads available for use in what the military call a "wargasm"—a ghastly coinage meaning a sudden, total conflict—the Pentagon reported only last month that the U.S. leads 4,200 to 1,200.

The distinctions are to some extent academic. Each side can now substantially destroy the other even without striking the first blow, and marginal changes in either quantity or quality of weapons will not change that fact. Hence a rough balance exists. Both sides are also spending heavily. However, proportional to gross national product, the military burden weighs less on the U.S. than on Russia. Mutual escalation could only end in a new balance at a higher and more expensive level.

Kissinger has a long record of pronouncements on nuclear issues; it was in this field that he first made his name. Yet his work has at times been open to varying interpretations. In his first major book, *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, he said that limited nuclear war was containable and therefore conceivable. He later backed away from that theory; yet for a time colleagues mirthfully referred to him as "Dr. Strangelove, East" (Physicist Edward Teller held the Western title). But his main argument, which eventually became U.S. policy, was that the old massive-retaliation approach of the middle-'50s was irrational because it offered no real alternative between surrender and wholesale annihilation: "It does not make sense to threaten suicide in order to prevent eventual death." John Foster Dulles' policies in general seemed "one-dimensional" to Kissinger.

A Legitimate Order

In the first book, and in *The Neccesary for Choice* (1960), he seemed to be highly skeptical of the chance for successful negotiations with the Russians and of U.S. capacity to bargain with a power that viewed the world so differently. "To us," he wrote, "a treaty has a legal and not only a utilitarian significance, a moral and not only a practical force. In the Soviet view, a concession is merely a phase in a continuing struggle." He also has doubts about the notion that as Russia evolves into a more liberal society, it will necessarily be more tractable. "In some respects," he said recently, "it was easier to deal with Stalin than with this timid, mediocre leadership that lets crises develop and has missives."

Particular decisions to arm or disarm, to talk or to remain silent, must, in his view, be keyed to current opportunities rather than past failures. What remains constant is his concern with the fundamental uses of strength. The U.S. has not quite grasped an axiom that European statesmen had long ago mastered: peace is not a universal realization of one nation's desires, but a

ALFRED SCHLOSS



KISSINGER & BOSS
Away from ad hoc decisions.

general acceptance of a concept of an "international order." It may chafe all concerned, but irritation is acceptable if no one's survival is threatened. In his history of the post-Napoleonic period, *A World Restored*, and in writing of the later fusion of German states, Kissinger displayed admiration for Metternich of Austria, Castlereagh of Britain and Bismarck of Prussia.

They were all reactionaries who stood in the way of republicanism, to be sure, but Metternich and Castlereagh particularly understood the need for "legitimate" political structures, for satisfying national (if not popular) aspirations, for balancing the powers of their day. Says Kissinger: "An international order, the basic arrangements of which are accepted by all the major powers, may be called 'legitimate.' The world conceived in the Congress of Vienna ultimately crumbled, but only after a century of relative peace. The Germany constructed by Bismarck blundered into a fate of blood and new division, but only after the Iron Chancellor lost power. And the failures give Kissinger another lesson to teach Americans: great states disintegrate, and so can theirs. "Nothing is more difficult for Americans to understand than the possibility of tragedy."

Kissinger is European by birth and a Europeanist by doctrine. For the U.S., he says, "internationally success or failure will ultimately be determined in the Atlantic area." His constant theme in criticizing the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations' approach to the Atlantic Alliance was that they operated from insufficient understanding and flexibility. In his view, once the Marshall Plan had served its purpose and NATO was firmly established, American pre-

dominance made less and less sense. Washington's master plan for Western Europe became increasingly irrelevant. Why should not Charles de Gaulle pursue his own vision of a European third force? Why should the military commander of NATO always be an American? For Kissinger, who believes that the age of superpowers is drawing to an end, the growth of independence in Western Europe is natural and desirable.

When he travels to Western Europe next week with Nixon and Rogers, the tour will be something of a personal triumph for Kissinger. It represents, if only symbolically at the moment, a renewal of the kind of relationship that he has advocated. Europeans are intensely, if not always justifiably, suspicious of American attempts to guide their policies, and are increasingly resentful of the growing U.S. involvement in their economies. Kissinger believes that the Atlantic nations can cooperate closely in many spheres, once they can agree on what he calls "coalitions of shared purposes." Precisely what these purposes will be, beyond the obvious mutual interest of defense, remains to be worked out by Nixon diplomacy.

The Disraeli Conservative

Kissinger calls himself a political independent. "If I were in 19th century Great Britain," he says, "I might be a Disraeli Conservative in domestic affairs, but not in foreign policy." Disraeli was an unabashed imperialist. Kissinger, by contrast, believes that U.S. power must not be spread too thinly, especially in politically underdeveloped areas that Americans little understand.

It is curious that Henry Kissinger, the futurist who demands that the U.S. look far ahead before deciding what to do tomorrow morning, should be so much at home in the 19th century. However, states and statesmen were more predictable during that period, and the margin for error was a little greater. He is not alone in arguing that the U.S. could benefit from reading—and understanding—history. "The pre-eminent task of American foreign policy," he has said, "ought to be to get some reputation for steadiness. Whether we are dangerous to our enemies one can argue, but we are murder on our friends. We will not get steadiness unless we can have a certain philosophy of what we are trying to do."

That 19th century certitude, of course, should still be supplemented by instinct, another essential trait in an age when the only rapid communications were between a man's brain and hand. Kissinger, in *A World Restored*, quotes a line from Metternich: "I was born to make history, not to write novels, and if I guess correctly, this is because I know." As he helps Richard Nixon make history, Kissinger will have to make some knowing guesses himself, probably fateful ones. The U.S. can hope that Kissinger, a man of brilliant intellect, will guess correctly—and that Nixon guessed correctly in choosing him.

INVESTIGATIONS

Pueblo and L.B.J.

In the anguished hours after the seizure of U.S.S. *Pueblo*, the Navy desperately charted a plan to recapture her. In fact, *Pueblo* was doomed, both by prior military ineptitude and Washington's well-founded fears of the consequences of any such action.

Testifying before the Navy court of inquiry in Coronado, Calif., last week, Rear Admiral George L. Cassell, former assistant chief of staff for Pacific Fleet Operations, said that the Navy

Documents or Lives? Last week's hearings gave *Pueblo*'s men the first opportunity to show their devotion to their skipper, Commander Lloyd ("Pete") Bucher. Without exception, they substantially corroborated Bucher's testimony that the ship could not have been defended. The hearings did not go as well for two other officers, however.

Lieut. Stephen R. Harris, who was in charge of *Pueblo*'s highly classified research spaces, was called on to explain his failure to destroy mounds of classified documents that ultimately fell into North Korean hands. Harris testified that he did not have enough weighted bags to sink the documents. When one man was wounded by machine-gun fire as he tried to toss one of the bags overboard, Harris decided to keep the men inside to try to burn the documents. The lack of time, the confusion, and the smoke from smoldering documents on the deck made his mission impossible, he said. However, two other officers testified that they had been able to destroy classified documents under their control. And despite the machine-gum fire, they said, they had ventured on deck and had not been hit.

The issue was made even more confusing by a Navy intelligence expert, Captain John H. D. Williams. He maintained that every scrap of classified paper on *Pueblo*, all 2,000 pounds of it, could and should have been destroyed. Williams said that the entire crew should have been released from general quarters to carry the material into one non-essential compartment. There it could have been doused in gasoline and burned. An icy, self-assured officer, Williams made it clear that in his opinion Bucher and Harris had all the destruction equipment they needed. All that was missing was the ingenuity to do the job. And, he indicated, that task in his view was more important than saving sailors' lives.

No Air Cover. As serious as Williams' implications were, even more damaging was the fact that Rear Admiral Frank L. Johnson, then Commander of Naval Forces, Japan, had knowingly failed to provide available air cover for the vessel. The details were not made public, but when *Pueblo*'s sister surveillance ship, U.S.S. *Banner*, had earlier cruised off North Korea, Admiral Johnson requested half a dozen or more Air Force F-105 fighters for air cover. The fighters were flown from Okinawa to South Korea, where they were kept on "strip alert," ready to go to *Banner*'s aid. Inexplicably, Admiral Johnson did not request the same protection for *Pueblo*, which was stationed far closer to the Korean mainland. Instead, the F-105s remained on stand-by alert on Okinawa, 900 miles from the hapless spy ship. It was no excuse that, even if the aircraft had been ready to defend *Pueblo*, Lyndon Johnson might well have refused them permission to take off for the very same reason that he embargoed the Navy's 19th century-style rescue mission.



CAPTAIN JOHN WILLIAMS

The advice was simple: don't do it.

launched its rescue mission immediately after the capture. Two U.S. Navy destroyers, U.S.S. *Truxtun* and U.S.S. *Higbee*, were ordered to sail to Wonsan. Under heavy air cover and backed up by a U.S. ultimatum to the North Koreans, *Higbee* way to dash into Wonsan harbor and escort *Pueblo* to safety. However, noted Cassell, the plan was vetoed by "higher authority."

That higher authority was Lyndon Johnson. As the destroyers headed out, the President called a conference in the White House with top military and foreign-affairs aides. The advice Johnson received was simply: Don't do it. Johnson wholeheartedly concurred. Said he: "I don't want another war." One participant recalls that there was little debate. "On this one," he says, "there were no hawks, there were no doves. It was unanimous. Apart from the danger of starting another war with North Korea, it was obvious to the President and his advisers that the rescue attempt would almost certainly result in the immediate death of *Pueblo*'s crew."

ENVIRONMENT: TRAGEDY IN OIL

It looked like a massive, inflamed abyss bursting with reddish-brown pus. The huge bubble of oil and natural gas boiling up from beneath the surface of Santa Barbara Channel at a rate of almost 1,000 gallons an hour spilled across the blue water for eleven days. It finally coated an area of at least 400 square miles and fouled 40 miles of incomparable beach front with acrid, tarlike slime. TIME Correspondent Robert Anson, flying over the despoiled sea, found the fumes noxious at 1,000 feet.

Anson also found the mood of quiet, elegant Santa Barbara as black as the waves that lapped its coastline. The shores and neat marinas were disaster areas. The town was crowded with weary, worried men—Coast Guardsmen, chemists, geologists, conservationists. Along the defiled beaches, convicts from state conservation camps joined hundreds of oil workers in heaving shovelfuls of oil-soaked sand and straw into waiting trucks.

On the misty horizon, 5½ miles off shore, 100 oil workers struggled desperately on Union Oil Co.'s 150-ft.-high Platform A, beneath which oil was leaking steadily from a fissure in the ocean floor. Barges carrying 15,000 barrels of sealant were towed to the platform, where the crew pumped the plastic-like substance down into a 3,500-ft. hole in the ocean's bottom at a rate of 1,500 barrels an hour. For days, capping efforts had been stymied by high seas, and escaping oil had continued to spread out from the long-legged rig at the rate of three miles per hour, cutting a devastating swath through the water.

Threatened Haven. Sea life and birds suffered a sad fate. Cormorants and gulls dived into the oily swells for fish, most never to surface alive. All along the mucky shoreline, birds lay dead or dying, unable to raise their oil-soaked feathers. Survivors were rushed to one or three centers nearby to be cleaned in a chemical solution, then carefully wrapped to stave off pneumonia and placed in warm pens to recover. Of the more than 500 birds brought in by week's end, two-thirds had survived. The fouled waters threatened thousands of rookeries on the Santa Barbara Islands, haven for the sea elephant, the Guadalupe fur seal (once thought extinct) and the rare sea otter.

Almost as worrisome to conservationists were the chemicals dropped from planes and boats to disperse and dissolve the slick. Botanist Michael Neushul of the University of California recalled the 1957 breakup off Baja California of the tanker *Tampico*, which dumped 59,000 barrels of diesel oil into the Pacific and "utterly impoverished animal life" in the area for five years. In 1967, when the *Torrey Canyon*—carrying crude—spilled 100,000 tons into the English Channel, 90% of the an-

imal loss was caused by detergents used to clean up the oil. As for Santa Barbara, Neushul figures that such grazing organisms as limpets and abalones are in the greatest danger. Even as he spoke, oil emulsified by the surf sank to the bottom, killing lobsters, sea urchins, mussels, clams and some fish. Inevitably, plants would prosper at the expense of animals. Said Neushul: "This could lead to a drastic ecological imbalance."

Nothing to Fear. In 1967, Santa Barbara officials, fearing that oil rigs offshore would pollute local waters, persuaded the Interior Department to create a two-mile buffer zone beyond the state's demarcation line where no drilling could take place. When oil slicks began to appear along the shoreline last year, Santa Barbara begged them

Secretary of Interior Stewart Udall for an extension of the buffer, which would have encompassed the area occupied by the Union Oil rig and avoided the present disaster. Udall assured the town officials that the Federal Government would keep a close eye on the drilling. "Always," Interior and oil officials led us to believe we had nothing to fear," says Santa Barbara County Supervisor George Clyde. The Government, of course, profited by the drilling: last year it made \$1.6 billion in rentals, royalties and bonus payments from the Santa Barbara concession. The block that included the leaky Union well was good for \$61.4 million in bonus revenues to the Federal Government.

Expanding Mass. The management of Union Oil Co. was understandably reticent about divulging fully what went wrong on Platform A, which it managed in consortium with Gulf, Mobil and Tex-

UNION OIL PLATFORM IN SANTA BARBARA CHANNEL SURROUNDED BY DISCHARGE



aco. After getting permission to cut some corners from the U.S. Geological Survey, an arm of the Interior Department that has the responsibility of enforcing federal laws governing drilling, Union Oil went ahead and drilled A-21. Having burrowed down 3,500 ft. below the ocean floor, the riggers then began to retrieve the pipe in order to replace a drill bit. At a point during the withdrawal, the drilling "mud," which is constantly pumped into the well to maintain pressure, became dangerously inadequate for the job. The well blew. An initial attempt to cap the hole was successful, but that led to a tremendous buildup of pressure. The expanding mass widened a fissure, and the released gas and oil bubbled and booted through the crack and up 700 ft. to the surface. Essentially, when the fatal fissure occurred, Union was operating below regular federal—and far below California—standards.

While known in Southern California as "the go-go company," Union also

sauding all oil companies in the area to suspend operations. Then, inexplicably, Hickel reversed himself, only to re-verse his stand two days later and close the rigs down again. Hickel's ambivalence and his defense of Union Oil infuriated conservationists, who noted that the Secretary had close relations with the oil industry while Governor of Alaska. Nor were the citizens of the oil-soaked town reassured. "I have the feeling," said Fred Eissler of the Sierra Club, "that if Hickel walked into Santa Barbara right now, the people would tar and feather him. And God knows, we have plenty of both."

Mother Earth. Much the same reception greeted Union Oil President Fred Hartley when he traveled to Washington last week to appear before the Senate Public Works subcommittee on air and water pollution. Hartley who is a blunt, short-tempered executive, had dismissed the tragedy as "Mother Earth letting the oil come out." At the hearings, the Senators were already grumbling that the Interior Department had not bothered to send a representative. Hartley did not help his cause by saying, "I'm amazed at the publicity for the loss of a few birds." Most heated were his exchanges with Maine's conservation-minded Edmund Muskie, but it appeared that the Senator would have the last word. The Democrats' Water Quality Improvement bill which was waylaid during the 90th Congress, was given a much better chance of passage in the wake of the Santa Barbara toul-up. Even the American Petroleum Institute, which had represented the industry in fighting the bill, now gave its blessings. Among other things, the bill would subject ships and installations, such as oil rigs, to fines as high as \$5,000 for spillage. Willful violators would be liable for damage up to \$15 million. Moreover, rigs would have to meet quality standards of the state or interstate control agency.

By week's end, oil workers had managed to seal the well off Santa Barbara with concrete making it finally as dead as the multitude of creatures from sea urchins to seals, that it had doomed. Facing Union was a brace of lawsuits, notably one for \$1.3 billion on behalf of all damaged parties, and another by California's attorney general. During eleven days, the well had spouted more than 200 thousand gallons. Drilling will doubtless resume quickly, but it may take years before the ecological balance of Santa Barbara bay is restored.

The ugly mess suggested that the existing legal controls that guide offshore drilling are inadequate, out-of-date and too easily circumvented. The oil industry, of course, is by no means the only or the most consistent contaminator of the environment, but its accidents are seldom small ones. However tragic the circumstances, the case for strong, and strongly enforced, new anti-pollution legislation has never been made more forcefully.



has picked up something of a reputation as a polluter. Only two weeks ago, the company was accused of dumping 1,500 barrels of crude into the Santa Ana River after a mud slide broke a pipeline. Twice in 1967, the company was brought up on violations of California fish and game statutes for polluting Los Angeles harbor. Indeed, its competitors complain that Union is giving the industry a bad name. After the disaster, representatives of oil companies operating rigs off Santa Barbara met quietly to decide, as one participant put it, whether "to take the drop from the gallows together." Reluctantly, they agreed to back Union—at least for the time being.

For Richard Nixon, who has had little time to act on the strong recommendations of his environmental task force, the Santa Barbara disaster was a reminder of the ineffective, 15-year-old laws that rule offshore drilling. Nixon promised to put fresh teeth in federal regulations "so that this kind of incident will not occur again." But his Secretary of the Interior did little to reinforce the President's pledge. Nixon had sent Walter Hickel to the disaster area in a presidential jet. At first, Hickel impressed Santa Barbarans by per-



WATER-HOLD AERIAL SURVEY





WORKERS COLLECT OIL-SOAKED STRAW FROM SANTA BARBARA BEACH



REFOULED GREBE GETS A BATH

WATER IN SANTA BARBARA MARINA IS COATED BY MASSIVE SLICK



SKYJACKING

To Catch a Thief

With contemptuous ease, skyjackers continue to make flying practically anywhere in the Americas a dubious and dangerous venture.

Last week yet another Miami-bound Eastern Airlines flight was forced to fly to Havana, the ninth American plane to be commandeered so far this year; on the same day another attempt was aborted when two youths were foiled into capture. They were convinced by the pilot that the plane did not have enough fuel to reach Cuba, and when they got landed at Miami, FBI agents arrested the pair. Two days later, a Colombian airliner en route to Medellin, Colombia, was taken over and forced to fly to Santiago de Cuba by a Co-

Helpful Hints. As serious as the situation is, there is a light side. Hundreds of suggestions have flooded the Federal Aviation Administration offering helpful hints to halt the hijacking, indicating that the American public is always anxious to help. Sometimes too anxious. One letter writer recommends stripping passengers nude on flights headed for Miami "so that everybody can see everything and nobody can hide a weapon." Another suggests that only the sexiest stewardesses should be assigned to southbound flights so that, if the need arose, they could seduce the skyjacker in mid-air.

Where sex failed, sentiment might succeed. One proposal is that the flight captain make a standard announcement before takeoff appealing to the better nature of a would-be skyjacker: "Folks,"

TRIALS

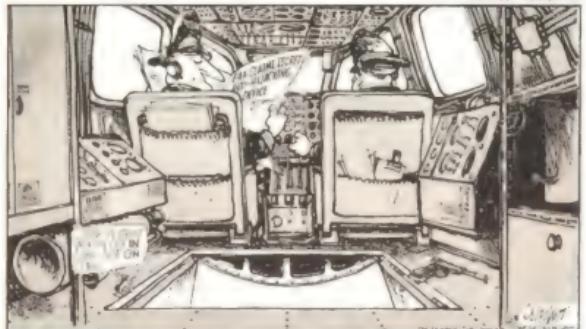
More than a Man in the Dock

For two headline-filled years, New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison has made it clear that his assassination-conspiracy case against businessman Clay Shaw involves another, unnamed defendant: the Warren Commission. To prove his contention that Shaw and others had been part of a plot to shoot President Kennedy, Garrison needed to disprove the commission's findings that Lee Harvey Oswald had acted "alone and unassisted" on November 22, 1963. He also hinted often that elements of the Federal Government itself—particularly the CIA—were somehow involved in the assassination. Last week, as testimony in the case finally started, Garrison won the right to put on trial both of his defendants—the named and the unnamed.

The breakthrough for Garrison came in what will probably be one of his few courtroom appearances, since he leaves most trial work to assistants. While the jury and two alternates were being chosen ran all-male group with eleven whites, three Negroes, only two college graduates among them), Garrison entered the Orleans Parish Criminal courtroom just once, and then only as a spectator. With the jury finally sworn in, Garrison wanted to make certain that the trial started off with all the scope and drama that he deems appropriate. He went to the front of the dimly lit, 38-ft.-high courtroom, drew himself up to all of his 6-ft. 6-in. height and confidently intoned a 42-minute opening statement.

Feel for Pageantry. "We will later offer evidence concerning the assassination in Dealey Plaza in Dallas," said Garrison, "because it confirms the existence of a conspiracy and because it confirms the significance and relevance of the planning which occurred in New Orleans." Defense Attorney F. Irvin Dymond immediately objected that "the actual assassination has no place in this case." He was quickly overruled by Judge Edward Haggerty, a raspy-voiced jurist who has displayed as much feel for sweep and pageantry as Garrison: he had introduced the jurors to the press by parading them around a motel swimming pool. Said Haggerty: "I can't tell the state how to run its case, if they want to overprove it."

The only Garrison eyewitness who bore any relevance to a conspiracy was Perry Russo, who is an insurance agent. In a preliminary hearing, Russo claimed to have overheard Shaw, who is the retired managing director of the New Orleans International Trade Mart—and was named the Outstanding Citizen of New Orleans in 1965—discussing the assassination with Oswald and the late David Ferrie, a former airline pilot who is also accused in Garrison's case. As a star witness, Russo left something to be desired: he did not remember some of the most incriminating details until after he had been hypnotized.



CARTOONIST OLIPHANT'S SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM

lombian airport guard who idolized the late Che Guevara.

Frustrated by their inability to stop the stream of airborne thefts, the Federal Government has now turned to the one man who can put a halt to the hazardous hijackings to Cuba: Fidel Castro. Since the U.S. has had no diplomatic relations with Cuba since early 1961, the State Department is conducting talks with Castro indirectly through the Mexican government and the Swiss embassy in Havana.

Agreements Sought. These discussions so far have not been able to achieve what most lawyers and airline executives think would be the most effective deterrent to the crimes: a bilateral agreement between Cuba and the U.S. to return skyjackers to America for prosecution, which could result in sentences ranging from 20 years imprisonment to death. However, they may at least result in the swifter return of the skyjacked passengers, crews and planes. Frank Loy, deputy assistant secretary of state for transportation and telecommunications, told a congressional committee last week that Castro is "fed up" with the skyjackings. If they continue at their present rate, he said, the Cuban government "may adopt measures of its own" to stop them.

the message goes, "we have lots of sick people aboard today, all bound for their health to the sun of Miami, and we don't wish to cause them any distress." A science-oriented writer suggests gradually depressurizing the cabin until all the passengers, including the skyjacker, lose consciousness due to a lack of oxygen. Or maybe the crew could spray a small dose of a tranquilizer into the passenger area, turning the culprit—along with everyone else—into a contented, harmless heap. Still another suggestion is that the guns firing darts dapped in tranquilizers to fell animals without injury be used on airline pirates. More elaborate is a recommendation to construct a bogus airport south of Miami to resemble Havana's Jose Marti International. Plastered with *Bienvenido a la Habana* signs and staffed by Cuban refugees, the airfield presumably would fool skyjackers long enough to ensue their arrest upon landing.

For the time being, however, the airlines will stick to their present procedure of avoiding airborne disaster by giving the sky pirate what he wants—a free trip to Havana. And the Government will continue its efforts to change Cuba from a haven for skyjackers into a nonscheduled stop with a return flight to a federal penitentiary.



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CHARLES SPIESEL

Trying some unnamed defendants too.

and shot with truth serum by Garrison's investigators.

Arresting Testimony. Suddenly, the state had a "mystery witness." He was Charles Spiesel, a New York tax accountant who told of sitting around a kitchen table at a French Quarter apartment in June 1963 and listening to a group of men, including Shaw and Ferrie, talk of shooting Kennedy. Shaw, said Spiesel, "seemed to be amused at the conversation" and at one point speculated that "somebody could probably fly him [the killer] out." It was arresting testimony—or at least it would have been if Spiesel, in more than two hours of withering cross-examination, had not revealed a few erratic episodes in his own past.

They included the filing of lawsuits against the city of New York, a psychiatrist, the Pinkerton detective agency and several policemen for putting him under "hypnotic" spells. In one suit, Spiesel said this harassment had caused him to sell a business under duress and prevented him from engaging in normal sexual relations. At the defense's request, Spiesel led the jury, judge, defendant, attorneys and a mob of 350 newsmen and spectators on a hunt for the apartment where he alleged that he met Shaw. After examining two buildings, he testified in court that one "was similar if not the same."

The state's most convincing performance was an attempt to place Shaw, Ferrie and Oswald together in the small town of Clinton, La. (pop. 1,568) in late August or early September, 1963. Employees of the East Louisiana State Hospital testified that Oswald tried to get a job there. Presumably to better his chances, according to the town registrar, he tried to register as a voter in Clinton, which was then the center of

a Negro voting-registration drive. Both Town Marshal John Manchester and Corrie Collins, a Negro who was leading the voter drive, testified that they had seen Oswald in a Cadillac limousine that also carried Shaw and Ferrie. Their neatly corroborative testimony was in absolute conflict with the defense contention that Shaw "never knew nor laid eyes on" either Oswald or Ferrie. It also seems to have cleared some common ground for two men who had little in common in 1963: Marshal Manchester and ex-Civil Rights Leader Collins drove off from court together.

Show Goes On. Still, the evidence from Clinton hardly proves the existence of a conspiracy. Garrison promised to back up his contention that Shaw was part of a plot with "documentary and photographic" evidence—plus testimony from witnesses to the assassination, possibly including Texas' ex-Governor John Connally, who was wounded in the gunfire that killed Kennedy. That kind of drama is precisely what the defense—which needs only to raise doubt about a single man's participation in a plot—tried unsuccessfully to avoid. It may also be what the jury is most interested in hearing. At any rate, as Garrison's show got on, Clay Shaw, chain-smoking and intently taking notes, studied the proceedings with the gaze of a man who has not yet figured out what has happened to him.

CALIFORNIA

The Ronnie Show

The taped program was in full color, and it pre-empted prime-time TV shows—from *Lost in Space* to *The Lucy Show*—throughout California. The star was that old TV steady, Ronald Reagan, and he had a new sponsor: a Reagan fan club called Californians for a Creative Society, which picked up the \$20,000 tab "in the interest of an informed citizenry." What he had to say was news to lots of people, including most state legislators, who for the first time learned from the tube what the Governor would later ask them to enact in the form of a state budget.

The *Ronnie Show* was really a preview of California's gubernatorial elections, 20 months off. Reagan, who had previously hinted that he would be a candidate for a second term, sweetened his prospects on TV by informing Californians that his 1969-70 budget would yield them a one-time, across-the-board tax cut of 10%. It would come, conveniently, on next year's tax bill, for which Californians will be filing returns at just about the time Reagan's race would begin in earnest. Not to be outdone, Assembly Minority Leader Jesse Unruh, who seems likely to oppose the Governor, demanded that the tax rebate be applied this year.

Reagan has been under intense pressure to provide some kind of tax relief since he pushed through a \$1 billion 1967 tax increase—up 25% over the

previous year—whose provisions hit middle-income brackets hardest. He claimed that the additional funds were necessary to pay for the prodigal spending of his predecessor, Pat Brown, but no amount of apologizing could gainsay the fact that he had run on a pledge to keep the cost of government down. Instead, it has gone steadily up; next year's spending will increase 3.9% to \$6.2 billion (though the budget will be smaller than that of less populous New York).

Looking tanned and relaxed in the taped appearance, Reagan explained that all increases next year are "fully necessary" to cover increases in the population and inflation. Then, announcing the \$100 million income tax reduction, he beamed proudly: "I believe we have started what we hope will be a new trend in government finances."

Financial Fine Point. Democratic Unruh dismissed the plan as a "fraud" on the ground that all of the surplus—due partly to Reagan-imposed economies, partly to an inflationary increase in revenues—will be on hand at the end of the current fiscal year (June 30). Whether or not that should entitle taxpayers to collect it on this year's tax returns (filing deadline: April 15) may be a fine point of finance, but Unruh was the first to admit that it mattered a great deal politically. "He has no right," he objected, "to keep it in the state treasury just so he'll look good as a tax cutter in an election year." He hinted that Democrats might tie up passage of the budget in the Assembly unless it is more to their liking. Since 13 Democratic votes are needed for passage, that was no empty threat.



REAGAN AT 58TH BIRTHDAY PARTY
Sweetening his prospects for 1970.

THE WORLD

THE MIDDLE EAST: COMMITMENT AND RESISTANCE

SINCE the Arab-Israeli war of 1967, the single most important element in Middle East peacemaking has been the attitude and policies of the U.S. Last week, 20 months after the war, Washington began a round of bilateral talks at the United Nations aimed at exploring common ground for a settlement. If that provided a sense of diplomatic movement at last, it was also a tacit admission that the Johnson Administration's policy of letting the two sides work out their differences themselves is no longer valid. For better or worse, the move committed the U.S. to the

the U.S. has been far too content to do nothing. That policy is exactly what the Israelis prescribe, since they feel that time is on their side in forcing the Arabs to deal with them directly.

Palestinian Power. Negotiations are likely to be painful slow, not only because of the vast gulf between the Arab and Israeli positions but also because of the sheer number of participants: the U.S., Russia, Britain, France, Israel, Egypt and Jordan, plus the U.N.'s Jarring. Yet the diplomats already face a stiff penalty for delay in the fast-rising political power of the one interest

the guerrilla movement. Even so, Arafat's election did nothing to bridge the rift between El Fatah and the rival fedayeen organizations that boycotted the conference, notably the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine and the Palestine Liberation Army.

Whether Arafat can heal those rivalries remains to be seen, but he has powerful support. Two weeks ago, on a visit to Algeria, President Houari Boumedienne presented him with a check for an undisclosed amount, declaring, "We say to everyone, 'Stop the bargaining.' Palestine belongs to the Palestinians and no Arab country has the right to bargain the Palestinian cause." That view reflects Arafat's own: "Let the big powers decide what they wish but the Palestinians have made their decision, and that decision springs from the gun." Arafat is contemptuous of the U.N. mission: "Jarring? We haven't been introduced."

Another Front. So far this winter, Arafat's fedayeen have been severely handicapped by the worst storms in half a century. Snow and rain have raised the normally placid Jordan River to unforgivable levels. In consequence, his terrorists have concentrated mainly on the Gaza Strip, where two grenades last week wounded nine Arabs and Israeli troops were called out to quell a riot by more than 2,000 slogan-shouting high school girls; 93 of the girls were injured. But Arafat is well on his way to opening another guerrilla front in Lebanon.

In a heated discussion, Lebanese authorities refused Arafat permission to operate from their territory, turning down his offer to fortify border villages and defend them with his own men. Nonetheless, in the past few weeks, some 500 fedayeen—according to both El Fatah and Israeli sources, for once in agreement—have infiltrated the rocky, mountainous region of southern Lebanon. So far the Lebanese have been unwilling to risk the political consequences of expelling them. The fedayeen need now only wait for improving weather to begin operations and quite possibly spark Israeli reprisals, just as talks at the U.N. should be well under way.

The group that will not be represented, the Palestinian fedayeen commandos. In any settlement, the Israelis will insist that Arab governments curb fedayeen within their own borders, something that they are increasingly unable to do. Moreover, Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser and Jordan's King Hussein will have to negotiate with the fedayeen in effect looking over their shoulders, adamantly opposed to any settlement at all.

Welcoming delegates to the Palestine National Council, which met in Cairo last week, Nasser promised the fedayeen "unlimited moral and material support, without reservations or conditions." The 105-member council, which considers itself a Parliament in exile for the Palestinians, elected as its chairman Yasir Arafat (TIME Cover, Dec. 13), spokesman for El Fatah, the largest fedayeen organization. The post makes him the Palestinians' official representative to Arab governments and the collection agent for their contributions to

ARAFAT AND NASSER IN CAIRO
Decisions spring from the barrel of a gun.

first step down a long and obstacle-strewn diplomatic road.

The hostile nations of the Middle East greeted the new move warily, since direct big-power participation in the search for a settlement will inevitably bring weight to bear on them to make concessions. Israelis took some comfort from the avowed U.S. intention to bolster the mission of U.N. Special Representative Gunnar Jarring, and expected no change in Washington's support for a "contractual" rather than an "imposed" solution. But they did worry that the U.S. would seek to influence Israel to vacate the conquered Arab territories. "We may find ourselves faced by political pressures of a nature never encountered during the previous administrations," warned Israel's leading daily, Ha'aretz. "We had better be prepared to withstand it." For precisely the same reason, Arab countries welcomed Washington's more active role in a region where, so far as they are concerned,

the fedayeen are not subject to diplomatic pressure, as are established governments. Last week Baghdad, obviously surprised by the worldwide outcry over the display of 14 corpses (including nine Jews) hanged as Israeli "spies" in Iraq two weeks ago, moved to refurbish its image. It released American Engineer Paul Baill, who had been held on trumped-up charges of spying. And President Hassan al-Bakr announced that forthcoming spy trials will involve none of Iraq's beleaguered community of 2,500 Jews.



DE GAULLE TOURING BRITTANY

FRANCE

Toward Regionalism

When Allied troops stormed ashore at Normandy in 1944, the French Resistance there cut all telephone lines to Paris in an attempt to hamstring the Wehrmacht's response. The Germans, however, failed to realize that the lines had been put out of action, so the story goes, for Paris has always been aloof from the rest of France. For centuries, the capital has been the nation's center of culture, business and politics. The consequent imbalance of power has disturbed thoughtful Frenchmen for years.

In an incisive study of France's problems today entitled *The New French Revolution*, British Journalist John Ardagh points out that "Paris over the centuries has sucked the blood out of her provinces." Things were set up that way back in the early days of the French Revolution, when the nation was chopped into nearly 100 illogically arranged departments with the firm intention of making every local decision dependent upon Parisian whims. That situation still exists today. "Not a statue can be erected, not a centime spent, without Paris becoming involved," means a Breton official.

Flocking Alsaciens. Charles de Gaulle hopes to change the situation. Decentralization of power has become his single most urgent domestic program, and with good reason. At least 85% of French industry is concentrated in the area east of a line drawn from Caen in the northwest to Marseille on the Mediterranean. So is the bulk of the population. Because jobs are far more plentiful in Paris than in the provinces, hundreds of thousands of *auvergnats*, *alsaciens*, *savoyards* and *bretons* have flocked to the capital. Its traffic density is even more paralyzing than Manhattan's; the broad boulevards and narrow

streets are constantly jammed by cursing motorists. Finding a parking place for one's *Deux Chevaux* (or even one's motorbike) is becoming as difficult as scaling the Eiffel Tower.

To meet these challenges and save Paris from choking to death, De Gaulle last week called for a national referendum this spring on his plans to increase regional power. In preparation for the vote, Gaullist planners propose to split France into 21 "economic regions" centered around eight major provincial centers: Marseille, Lyon, Toulouse, Bordeaux, Nantes, Strasbourg, Lille and Nancy-Metz.

Almost Certain Approval. Each region will be governed by a Paris-appointed prefect, but his decisions will be made in coordination with proposed regional councils consisting of locally

elected deputies, representatives of local communes and departments, and appointed officials such as chamber of commerce presidents. These councils will levy local taxes, prepare local budgets and plan economic development. If the plan is approved in the forthcoming referendum—and that approval seems almost certain—the regions may be able to "renew their personality," as French Technocrat Louis Armand once put it, "without having to do it through that monster that is Paris."

PORTUGAL

Salazar Goes Home

Six months ago, Portuguese Dictator António de Oliveira Salazar took a nasty spill at his summer residence, São João do Estoril, when a deck chair collapsed under him. Soon after an operation for a blood clot on his brain a few weeks later, he sank into a coma that kept him near death. His government stood by uneasily, waiting for his recovery. By September, the medical prognosis was that he would never be able to resume his duties, and Lawyer Marcello Caetano became Premier.

Last week Salazar, 79, and ruler of his country for nearly 40 years, returned from the hospital to his residence in Lisbon's São Bento Palace. There were no stately ceremonies, no cheering throngs. Instead, he arrived unheralded in a police ambulance, to be greeted by two of his old aides. Salazar himself, still partially paralyzed and suffering from seriously impaired speech and perception, is not yet aware that he was replaced as Premier. For his homecoming, the stricken old statesman needed only one piece of luggage: an ancient suitcase, which he is said to have carried when he entered Coimbra University as a student nearly 60 years ago.



SALAZAR LEAVING HOSPITAL IN AMBULANCE
No stately ceremonies, no cheering throngs.

WESTERN EUROPE

Pulling Apart

Grand dreams of European unity have dimmed in recent years, buffeted by resurgent nationalism. "Integration is like a bicycle," says Walter Hallstein, the former president of the European Economic Community and one of the fervid dreamers. "You either move on or you fall off." Giovanni Agnelli, chairman of Fiat, describes the present arrangement of economic partnership without political integration in laudatory Italian metaphor. "There is not yet a united Europe. As law scholars would say, the marriage among European countries was not consummated."

British Author Anthony Sampson, who dissected his own country seven years ago, in *Anatomy of Britain*, has inspected this platonic marriage in an-

as well as the allure of anti-Americanism. For his own lifetime, at least, he has blocked the dream of fellow Frenchman Jean Monnet for a United States of Europe. De Gaulle is by no means Europe's only neo-nationalist leader. Strauss and the West Germans played some of the same tunes of glory recently when they refused to revalue the Deutsche Mark in order to aid the franc.

Economic Reversal. Sociologically as well as politically, Sampson found, Europe's pulls are mainly away from union. Television, for instance, unifies mostly in the sense that more and more Europeans hum the same pop tunes. Newspapers still tend to mirror only their own narrow societies. Nor do Europe's armies of tourists represent the first wave of a new pan-Europeanism. "The obsession of the new mass tourism is

BY ERIC STANARD LONDON



BRITISH CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF RESURGENT FRENCH NATIONALISM
"Things could be worse, mon vieux—we could be British!"

other volume, *The New Europeans*. Unless radical changes of attitude take place, Sampson believes, European integration has reached its high-water mark. Says he: "Western Europe, shorn of overseas commitments and empires and protected by the American umbrella [of ICBMs] is a continent without a cause. In this situation, its components are very likely to reassess themselves."

Political Cosmonaut. European nationalism seemed to die in the agonies of the most recent war it helped cause. Yet it has become once again the dominant political emotion in Europe. No one has rekindled "*la gloire*" more assiduously than Charles de Gaulle. When Sampson interviewed Franz Josef Strauss, West Germany's Finance Minister mocked De Gaulle the diplomat as "a cross between Joan of Arc and a political cosmonaut." Yet, as Sampson notes, De Gaulle has "taken full advantage of the glamour of nationalism"

not to see a new country but to find two commodities: the sun and the sea. In Sampson's opinion, even the automobile, Europe's latest symbol of liberation and status, provides a chromed trimmery distraction from serious subjects, including the concept of unity.

Economics was a major factor in drawing Europe closer, but Sampson argues that that has changed. The EEC was conceived after Monnet persuaded Europeans to pool their coal and steel. Coal has now been replaced as an essential fuel by nuclear power, oil or natural gas. As a result, Europeans are rethinking their energy needs in narrow national terms.

In Sampson's opinion, European industry has rejected the lure of unity. Sampson sees Fiat's recent takeover of French Citroën as an exception, not a norm. Intra-European mergers are discouraged by the ancient special relationships between many large companies

and their governments or by a maze of outmoded corporate law. More than that, U.S. businessmen still do not really trust one another. Given a choice, they prefer to merge, if at all, with U.S. firms rich in technology and capital and free of old prejudices.

The U.S., contends Sampson, shares the blame for Europe's lagging unity. U.S. postwar policy was based largely on the assumption that there would be an eventual union of Western European nations. Yet the U.S., says Sampson, impedes progress as much as anyone. Americans who live on the Continent make too few efforts to intermingle. Their private lives are clannish ("Frankfurt is the capital of Euro-America"), they are poor linguists, and "their real power, like that of the British in Victorian India, stems from their capacity to animate the natives." NATO could have become the basis of a strong European defense industry, argues Sampson. Instead, it became a profitable market for U.S. fighter planes, rockets and electronic gear.

Though not anti-American, Sampson is upset by the U.S. impact on European tastes and values. As an alternative to American cultural and economic patterns, he feels that Europe must become strong and interrelated enough to shape its own destiny, evolve its own distinctive societies. His plan of action is typically British: admit Britain to the Common Market. Britain's attractions, he says, are trade experience, political stability, a potentially strong industry and "a dowry of research." The British, moreover, could help cope with "the German problem," which is the author's term for a renascent German nationalism that many Europeans dread. All that, of course, is true, and British admission would probably be a good thing. Even so, Sampson may overestimate Britain's ability to alter Europe's basic trend. No longer a world power, plagued by sterling crises and looking ever more inward, today's Britain displays many of the same narrow tendencies that Sampson finds so disheartening in Europe as a whole.

RUSSIA

A Speculative Silence

There is an uneasy mood in Moscow these days, caused by reverberations from the shots fired by a would-be assassin at the cosmonauts' parade in the Kremlin last month. In a country that is purposefully fed warnings of constant plots, the official Soviet dismissal of the gunman as a schizophrenic has not put the Russians at ease. Twice in Soviet history, assassination attempts have served as a pretext for savage repression. The unsuccessful attempt on Lenin in 1918 triggered the Red Terror, in which thousands of Russians fell before Bolshevik firing squads; the killing of Politburo Member Sergei Kirov—carried out in 1934 on secret orders from Stalin—set off the great purges.

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LIFE & CASUALTY

OUR CONCERN IS PEOPLE

in which millions died and millions more were sent to labor camps.

A Provocation. So far, there is no sign that the recent shooting will be used for similar purposes. But Russians are alarmed by the Tass description of the event as "a provocation." In Communist jargon, that is the term for an anti-Soviet political act that is usually the result of a conspiracy and consequently calls for severe countermeasures.

The government's silence on the attacker's motives has not helped matters. Some teachers in Moscow schools told their pupils last week that the gunman was a rejected cosmonaut who had a grudge against his successful colleagues. Other Russians say that the gunman was a member of a conspiracy and that his target was Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev. In fact, there is speculation that the gunman fired on the auto carrying Cosmonaut Georgy Beregovoy because his heavy jowls and bushy eyebrows resemble those of Brezhnev. The most prevalent rumor in Moscow has it that the shooting was the result of a plot by the Soviet military chiefs to kill the civilian leaders and seize control. Another version is that the shooting was part of a KGB (secret police) plot to buttress the argument of Kremlin hawks that the country needs to be placed under sterner rule.

Soviet officials have refused even to release the name of the prisoner. One report identifies him as an army engineer lieutenant in his twenties named Ilyin, who comes from Leningrad—where Kirov was assassinated. The week after the shooting, the Kremlin leaders failed to show up at the ceremonies in Leningrad that marked the 25th anniversary of the lifting of the city's World War II siege. Many Russians feared that Leningrad might once again be punished for supposedly spawning another assassination conspiracy.

According to some reports, two days before the Kremlin incident, the young lieutenant deserted his unit, taking his pistol with him. Reaching Moscow the day before the celebration for the Soyuz-4 and Soyuz-5 cosmonauts, he spent the night at the home of his sister. The next morning he borrowed his brother-in-law's police uniform, explaining that, clad in that manner, he would be able to get a closer view of the parade. Some variants say that he also took his brother-in-law's pistol, which would explain reports that he fired away with a pistol in each hand.

Kremlin Precedent. Dressed as a policeman, Ilyin would have been able to station himself in the front row of spectators, just inside the Kremlin's ornate Borovitsky Gate, shooting back anyone who might have interfered with his field of fire. Another, more spectacular version maintains that the gunman was dressed as a member of the elite Kremlin Guard and lunged from a sentry box well inside the Kremlin's security cordon to fire at the motorcade.

Since a fake Kremlin guard would in all likelihood have been spotted and unmasked by a real one before the motorcade's arrival, the implication is that the attacker actually was a Kremlin guard. This assumption has a historical precedent. In an event that was kept extremely quiet, a Kremlin guard fired at Premier Nikita Khrushchev in 1962, but the bullet missed him.

The truth about last month's shooting may never be known. Soviet authorities say that after the investigation is completed, the assailant will be brought to trial. Even in the unlikely event that the trial is open to the public, the accused will undoubtedly recite only the testimony that he has been instructed to give. But that, of course, would only buttress the suspicion that the facts are something quite different, thus heightening Moscow's mood of unease.

SOON TO SPEAK



DEFECTOR LIAO HO-SHU

ESPIONAGE

From C to Z

It was 4:30 on a cold January morning, not time for a self-respecting resident of The Hague to be on the streets, and the desk sergeant at police headquarters was baffled by the middle-aged Chinese, clad in pajamas and robe-coat, who stood before him. From the mixture of broken Dutch and poor English, the problem resolved itself: the man was Liao Ho-shu, 46, interim chief of Communist China's mission in The Netherlands, and he wanted police protection. After some delay, he was turned over to the Dutch BVD (security police), who whisked him off for interrogation at a spacious, secluded castle called "Hoge Veluwe." "He told us his story from A to C," a Dutch official said later, "but he probably wants to tell the Americans everything from C to Z."

The Americans were happy to oblige. For Liao, in addition to his administrative duties at the mission, was a top intelligence officer. Within hours, a top-ranking, Chinese-speaking CIA agent arrived to join in the questioning. Liao told the CIA man that he wanted to go to the States, and last week he arrived in Washington for a complete debriefing in one of the CIA's discreet, safe houses.

For the West, it was an intelligence windfall of major proportions. Liao is by far the most important Chinese official ever to defect, and Holland's Justice Minister C.H.F. Polak let slip the word that he "knows an unbelievable lot." While Berne and Paris remain the major centers for Chinese espionage in Europe, The Hague plays an important role as a principal communications link for Chinese agents, and Liao's contributions on this aspect are expected to be spellbinding. The net effect of Liao's defection has been to jeopardize a large proportion of China's espionage agents and their various operations in Western Europe.

Ideological Problems. Why did Liao leave? He had served in The Hague since 1963, and thus avoided most of the excesses of the Cultural Revolution. As an economics specialist, he played a role in persuading Dutch businessmen to invest in China, and promotions came routinely. When Peking summoned its senior diplomats home for indoctrination in 1967, Liao took charge of the mission on a temporary basis. In the past several months, he began to suspect that his ideological correctness had come into question; he was being carefully watched by his subordinates. There were reports that in recent weeks Liao had cautiously begun attempts to make contacts with American intelligence, with a view to escaping. Adding to his concern was the impending arrival of a Chinese freighter in Rotterdam: the embassy had scheduled an on-board party, and Liao feared that, if he attended, he would not be allowed to go back ashore. His decision was clear, and led him to the police headquarters in the middle of the night.

Liao's loss is expected to set off another round of witch hunting in China's foreign service. There was some concern that the U.S.-China talks scheduled to resume in Warsaw on Feb. 20 might also be affected. Peking assailed Richard Nixon as a "jackal" and demanded that Liao be returned. Repercussions against Liao's family (a wife and two children) back in China could be expected, although there were reports that they had been smuggled out via Hong Kong before Liao made his move.

* Others include Chao Fu, a security officer who quit the Stockholm embassy in 1962; Tung Chi-ping, an assistant cultural attaché at the embassy in Burundi, in 1964; and Miao Chen-pai, an assistant commercial attaché in Damascus, in 1966.

SOUTH VIET NAM: HUÉ REVISITED

EVERY war leaves to history its particular symbols of destruction—Verdun in the first World War; Coventry, Stalingrad and Dresden in the second. In Viet Nam, the enduring symbol is likely to be Hué, once the imperial capital and long the fountainhead of the country's intellectual and artistic tradition. A year ago, during the Communists' *Tet* offensive, Hué was battered as was no other city in Viet Nam. It took 26 days of house-to-house, block-to-block fighting to drive out a temacious 6,000-man invading Communist force. The U.S. Marines had not fought that way since Seoul in 1950; the South Vietnamese had never experienced sustained street fighting in all their years of war. Some 350 South Vietnamese and U.S. soldiers died in the battle, along with an estimated 4,100 civilians and more than 4,300 Communist troops. When it was over, Hué lay in smoking, putrescent ruin. Some 80% of the city's homes were either destroyed or damaged. Parts of the city were without water and power, and bodies rotted in the streets, nibbled at by rats.

Scars Remain. A year later, Hué is alive again, filled with barefoot children, busy street vendors, Buddhist priests and swarms of bicycles. But the scars, both physical and psychological, are still there. Reconstruction has been slow—despite more than \$2,000,000 and the efforts of thousands of Vietnamese and Americans. It was not until last August that the effort picked up momentum.

American Seabees opened two bridges across the river to one-way traffic. U.S. and Vietnamese army engineers advised citizens on how to rebuild or repair their homes. The government

pitched in with \$85 allowances, the Americans with metal sheeting and cement to anyone who wanted to replace his lost home. Hospitals, schools, pagodas and churches were given priority for restoration. By Christmas the Phu Cam cathedral, partly destroyed in the battle, was reopened for Mass. Hué's isolation eased last month when rail service to Danang, 75 miles to the south, was restored.

Ducks on the Courts. But much remains to be done. Hundreds of people have refused to start rebuilding. Explains a student: "Some just take the government money and go away. Would you build a new house in Hué?" Of the original 115,000 refugees created by *Tet*, some 60,000 still subsist in camps. Hué University, once the pride of the old capital, has reopened, although still in temporary quarters. A professor says sadly: "We have more than 3,000 students again. But we are not yet a university. We lack books, facilities and teachers—most of all we lack spirit." At the once gracious Cercle Sportif, ducks waddle across the abandoned, waterlogged tennis courts, and club members sip their apéritifs against a curtain of bullet-pocked walls.

There has been little restoration inside the Citadel, the 24-sq.-mi. complex of huge fortified walls, moats and gardens that shields the old Imperial City. The fighting was heaviest inside its walls, and so was the damage. TIME Correspondent David Greenway, who covered some of the grimmest fighting a year ago, returned recently to Hué. He recalls crouching in a house near the Citadel's east wall while waiting for an air strike. With him was a grimy U.S. Marine sergeant. Amid the noise of small

arms and mortar rounds, the Marine muttered, "We sure are shooting the living hell out of them." Outside, a Marine tank grinding through the rubble took a B-40 rocket in the turret and pulled back. The crew climbed out, wounded, and were immediately replaced by others; the new men did not even bother to wipe the blood from the inside of the tank. The house Greenway took shelter in is empty now, and a woman nearby shrieks at a visitor: "All dead, all dead! Go away."

A little farther on stands a house that at one point in the battle served as the command post for a Marine company. A hatch of tired newspapermen, including Greenway, rested there one night during the fighting and someone found a bottle of whisky and passed it around. The owner of the house is back now and, when told about the bottle, she smiles: "I suspected it was the Marines, but I didn't mind," she says. "The ARVN paratroopers took everything, you know. They came around with great sacks and took my husband's clothes, his shirts, his ties, all my clothes. The Viet Cong took nothing."

Pillboxes on the Walls. Strangely enough, the people of Hué rarely blame the Americans for the damage caused by heavy U.S. firepower. Those willing to talk at all criticize both sides, and ultimately blame the war. Next time, they intend to be better prepared. Hué's citizens are hoarding extra stocks of rice and water, and have built professional-looking bunkers in their backyards, using layers and layers of sandbags. Some 12,000 allied troops and 13,000 civilian self-defense men guard the city—compared with a bare 2,500 troops last *Tet*. The bridges are flanked by bunkers, and the Citadel's blasted walls bristle with squat pillboxes, ready should the war ever again come to Hué.



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Mountain dew and *déjà vu*.

Highland Reconciliation

Bamboo flutes twanged, brass gongs thumped, and Montagnard maidens twisted ceremonial copper bracelets round the wrists of President Nguyen Van Thieu, Premier Tran Van Huong and other South Vietnamese dignitaries. Stoically, the visitors sipped from the brimming urns of *muon kpie*, a sour-tasting homemade rice wine. Then they moved on to lunch in the comfortable former summer residence of exiled Emperor Bao Dai, in the highland provincial capital of Ban Me Thuot. The Saigon dignitaries, together with a host of American officials, were joining in ceremonies marking what they hoped would be the end of a tribal rebellion. It was a gala occasion, albeit marked by a certain sense of *déjà vu*.

Viet Nam's Montagnards have never mixed well with the Vietnamese, who tend to scorn them as savages. French colonial authorities generally left the Montagnards alone. Few Vietnamese display much interest in or knowledge of the roughly 1,000,000 tribesmen living in the remote, heavily jungled high plateaus. The Montagnards take a lot of knowing, for they comprise an extraordinarily complex ethnolinguistic mixture numbering at least 20 tribes and many more splinter groupings. They have for centuries resisted the cultural influences of the Sino and Hindu peoples that have flooded into the Indo-Chinese peninsula. Saigon leaders, from President Ngo Dinh Diem through General Nguyen Khanh and Air Vice Marshal Nguyen Cao Ky, had gone through similar ceremonies previously in attempts to rally the Montagnards to Saigon's cause—without success. Instead, Montagnard sentiments gradually coalesced around an organization known as FULRO (Front Uniifié de Lutte des Races

Opprimées, or The United Front for the Struggle of Oppressed Races).

Determined Drive. FULRO's strength has been considerably augmented by troopers trained by U.S. Special Forces teams, which since 1963 have been turning tribesmen into skillful jungle fighters in increasing numbers. Once trained and equipped, the "yards" (short for Montagnards) displayed an unhappy tendency to join FULRO when their enlistment was up, feeling that the Saigon government posed more problems for them than the Viet Cong. Last year Saigon officials mounted another determined drive to bring FULRO over to their side, and the Ban Me Thuot ceremonies testified to the partial success of that effort.

At least 2,500 FULRO troopers agreed to end their rebellion, in return for pledges of better treatment from the Saigon government. Thieu promised that they would "be accepted with equality. You have returned in justice because your aspirations have been met." The Montagnards will be given a voice in the provincial governments and be allowed their own military units. But there was a distinct cloud over the ceremonies: FULRO Leader Y Bham Enoul, who had reportedly given full assent to the agreement, was the prisoner of a splinter group of FULRO dissidents in the Cambodian capital of Phnom Penh. Without Y Bham, who is venerated by Montagnards, the chances of a genuine reconciliation in the highlands remained tenuous at best.

TANZANIA

Murder by the Book

Eduardo Mondlane was a revolutionary, and the Mozambique Liberation Front (Frelimo) he headed was one of black Africa's more effective independence movements. Tall, handsome Mondlane was also a scholar who loved the bookish academic world he abandoned just six years ago, and it is clear that his enemies knew their man all too well. Last week an expertly built bomb killed him as he worked at an American friend's villa in Dar es Salaam. The bomb had come to him concealed in a book.

His assassination was the culmination of some 18 months of increasing difficulties within Frelimo's leadership. Mondlane himself, educated in South Africa, Portugal and the U.S. (an Oberlin College graduate, with a Ph.D. from Northwestern University), was damned as a moderate by more radical leaders. Frelimo's military operations in Mozambique reflected these difficulties. The tempo of combat has dropped in recent months, or so the Portuguese claim, but Frelimo's estimated 8,000 well-trained guerrillas (most of them Mozambicans trained in Tanzania and supported from that country) are tying down more than 40,000 Portuguese regulars. The major centers of Frelimo activity are in northern Mozambique.



JANET & EDUARDO MONDLANE (AUGUST 1967)
Enemies in both blocs.

where the rebels fully control three districts, the area around Tete, on the Zambez River in the northwest and on the Muéda plateau in the north.

As in any guerrilla war, the fighting can be vicious, and Mondlane, a gentle and cultivated man, seemed to some of those he met remarkably out of character as the leader of such a movement. Perhaps his single greatest talent lay in wrangling aid from both the Communist and capitalist worlds: "I get weapons from the East and money from the West," he told a TIME correspondent last year.

Rodical Target. But he had enemies in both ideological blocs as well. He believed that he was marked for death by Portugal's secret police (PIDE), who knew him as the most direct threat to continued Portuguese control over his native Mozambique. He was also a target for radical Mozambicans who look to Communist China for inspiration. In March 1968, angry radicals forced the temporary closing of the Mozambique Institute, headed by Mondlane's American wife Janet, and two months later a Frelimo central committee member was stabbed to death in a pitched battle for control of Frelimo's headquarters in Dar es Salaam.

One of Mondlane's enemies linked to the factional clashes was Father Mateus Gwengere, a militant Catholic priest who fled Mozambique in mid-1967 and since then had consistently opposed Mondlane. Last July, however, Mondlane seemed to have reconciled all the opposing factions within Frelimo. After persuading them that continued conflict could only harm their common cause, he went on to stage party elections in a "liberated area" of northern Mozambique. It was a dramatic propaganda victory, and Mondlane was confirmed as head of Frelimo. Nevertheless he was

forced to expand the membership of Frelimo's executive committee to pacify his rivals.

PIDE's Death List. Now Frelimo faces another severe internal struggle to choose Mondlane's successor. The leading contenders are Rev. Uria Simango, Mondlane's bearded vice president, and Marcelino dos Santos, his external affairs minister. Simango leans toward Peking, dos Santos toward Moscow, and a prolonged struggle between them could damage Frelimo severely. Nothing, of course, would please Portugal (and PIDE) more, and some Frelimo spokesmen believe that PIDE is behind a plot to wipe out the front's leadership. Certainly, Frelimo leaders have an undisputed penchant for dying of unnatural causes. Only six weeks ago, the deputy chief of Frelimo's armed forces in Mozambique was shot dead under mysterious circumstances, and the murder two years before of a close Mondlane associate has never been solved. Simango himself is said to be on PIDE's death list.

In Lisbon, the controlled Portuguese press blamed Mondlane's murder on the "extreme left-wing faction," but skeptics doubted that version. A source close to Premier Marcello Caetano's government made no secret of his feeling that Mondlane was "a moderate, a man we could eventually talk to, and his disappearance is a loss." In black Africa, the press hailed Mondlane as an outstanding liberation leader, and Tanzanian President Julius Nyerere said that "the best way of crying for him is to increase our efforts for the liberation of Africa." As far as Frelimo goes, at any rate, those efforts have been badly damaged by Mondlane's murder.

PERU

Challenging the U.S.

Peru seems headed toward a major diplomatic showdown with the U.S. that could produce serious repercussions throughout South America. It is a highly paradoxical crisis that neither side really wants—or can avoid. The dispute centers on a Standard Oil of New Jersey subsidiary, International Petroleum Co., whose Peruvian oilfields and refinery were seized last October by the country's new military regime, headed by General Juan Velasco Alvarado. The pretext that I.P.C. years ago had illegally acquired its oil concession in Peru.

Aware of the highly charged nationalistic feelings involved in the I.P.C. case, the U.S. asked only that the junta pay Standard Oil a fair price for I.P.C.'s properties (Peru's Supreme Court had earlier set the figure at \$142 million). If it does not, as the Peruvians well know, the U.S. would be forced under the provisions of the Hickenlooper Amendment to suspend its economic aid to Peru within six months after the seizure unless promising negotiations for equitable compensation

are under way. At present, U.S. aid amounts to \$34 million a year plus another \$45 million in preferential purchases of Peruvian sugar.

Last week, in a highly emotional television and radio address, General Velasco virtually foreclosed any possibility of a negotiated settlement. In an obvious bid to win the support of other nationalist army officers and businessmen, Velasco asserted that I.P.C. owes Peru \$690.5 million for all the oil that it has pumped from Peruvian soil. To recover at least a part of that sum, representing I.P.C.'s entire gross sales for the past 44 years, Velasco plans to auction off the company's properties within the next 40 days.

Left Face. Velasco and his colleagues appear to be committed to a collision course. They can hardly back down from such an extreme stand without to-

lating with Rumania, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and Poland. Two weeks ago, the Peruvians agreed to exchange ambassadors with the Soviet Union, leaving only three South American countries (Bolivia, Paraguay and Venezuela) that do not have diplomatic ties with Russia.

Unlikely to Be Lost. Sensing an opening, the Soviets immediately dispatched a five-man economic mission to Lima with promises of economic aid and help in running Peru's oil industry. It is an open question exactly how much aid the Soviets could render, but their apparent willingness to help Peru has spurred Ecuador to invite the Soviet mission to drop by for talks and has caused Bolivia to take a more active interest in Soviet offers.

Other South Americans are closely watching the events in Peru. Five of the continent's major countries are ruled by military regimes of various types that tend to emulate one another. If the Peruvians, aided by the Soviets, are able to exert their independence of the U.S. and get away with it, their example is unlikely to be lost on the other generals who today rule more than three-quarters of South America's people.

BRAZIL

Annual Vibrations

Carnaval, as everyone knows, is the time when Brazil plunges into the world's biggest binge, a wild four-day pageant driven by the intoxicating beat of the samba. There are no politicos to *carnaval*, and no Brazilian government—however tough-minded—would dare deny its people their great annual excursion into fun and fantasy (see box following page). Yet there is a slightly unreal air to Brazil this week, as *carnaval* dances toward its pre-Lent climax. Since the military crackdown last December, Brazilians have had to put up with a tough, moralistic, even prudish regime. While revelers are putting the final touches on their colorful *fantasias*, the stunning costumes that give *carnaval* its color, the dour government of President Arthur da Costa e Silva continues its purges and its arrests. Scores of Brazilians are in jail, and some will sit out *carnaval* in virtual exile, on the lonely island of Ilha Grande, 70 miles off the coast.

Stand-by Alert. On the surface, it hardly seems to matter. Along Avenida Rio Branco in Rio de Janeiro large stylized figures decorate the curbs, bird cages in their outstretched hands. Huge, brightly colored sunflowers float above the traffic amid a profusion of plastic hummingbirds, cardinals and canaries. "Mother's Heart," an outsized paddy wagon so named "because there is always room for one more," is on standby alert—although the cops will haul away only the rowdiest of cariocas.

There are really two festivals, one for the rich and another for the poor. For the poor, *carnaval* takes place in



GENERAL VELASCO ADDRESSING NATION
Committed to a collision.

tally losing face in Peru. After all, they overthrew President Fernando Belaúnde Terry largely because he failed to execute an outright takeover of I.P.C., settling on a compromise instead. In his speech, Velasco defiantly declared that Peru was willing to accept the consequences of its actions and denounced the impending application of the Hickenlooper Amendment as "economic aggression." In addition, Velasco appealed to other Latin American countries to support Peru in its confrontation with the U.S. because "if they do not demonstrate firmness and unity, tomorrow other countries will succumb to [U.S.] economic pressure."

In a transparent maneuver, the Peruvian generals have tried to prevent the U.S. from applying the Hickenlooper Amendment by doing an abrupt left face in their foreign policy. In the past four months, Lima's military regime has established diplomatic or commercial re-



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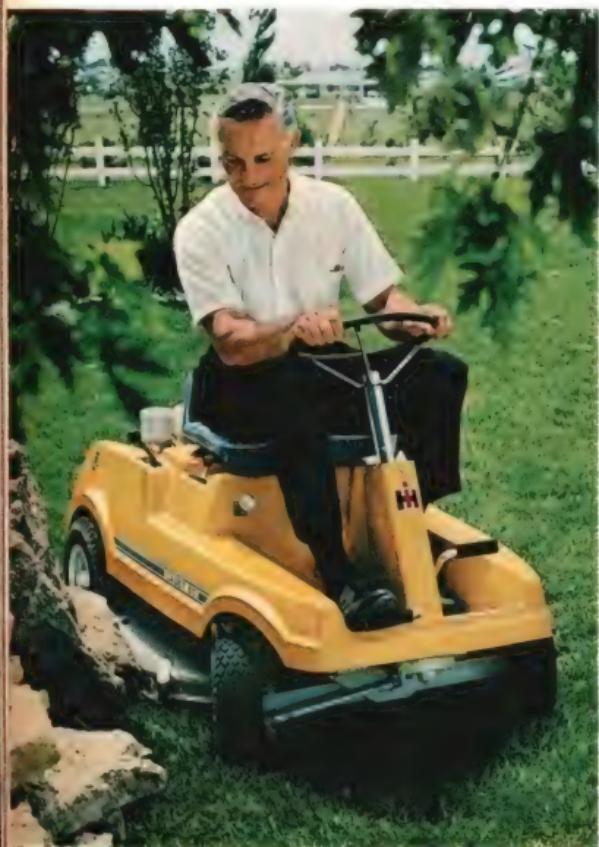
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the streets, to the cheers of thousands of onlookers. The *escolas de samba*, neighborhood associations that practice intricate dances for months to put on the most stunning show, come into their own then, singing and prancing their way past the reviewing stands of judges, who choose the winner. A total of 43 *escolas de samba* are taking part this year, and the larger ones, like the *Estação Primeira de Mangueira*—last year's champion, named after a stop on a suburban rail line—bring 7,000 participants into their act. While the poor flood into the limelight, the rich and the middle class either leave town or amuse themselves at exclusive balls. Individual tickets for the Municipal Theater Ball, the poshest of them all, run to \$50, a box for eight to \$3,750. The revelers arrive in psychedelic splendor, shed most of their clothes during the night, and emerge in the early morning, after hours of dancing, in bikinis, swimming trunks and sarongs.

For all Brazilians, it is an expensive affair. The poor spend a good deal of

money on their *fantasias* and work diligently on them all year long, looking forward to the great day when they come down from their hills to take over the city's avenues. Says one *tafelado*: "Those who never work begin to work for their costumes. Washermen take on twice their normal work load, and even thieves steal more. In the end, everybody works double." The rich too pay for their fun. Brazilian Couturier Evandro Castro Lima is working on ten dazzling *fantasias* for society women. He himself will strut this year as Harun al-Rashid, in a bejeweled and bejeweled costume that weighs 105 lbs. "We flee the present," he explains. "We want to feel the vibrations of great kings and queens." To get the right vibrations, his customers pay up to \$2,500 for a *fantasia*. This year, however, the vibrations will not be quite the same: living up to its stern moralistic image, the government has banned the *carnaval's* Transvestite Ball, a gay affair that has always drawn homosexuals from all over the world.

The Psychology of Carnaval

Analyzing Brazil's orgy at carnaval time is almost as much fun as participating in it. American Psychiatrist Dr. Reba Campbell feels that it alters Brazilians' "chance to live deep in fantasy," fulfilling everyone's "need to be important." A Brazilian psychiatrist, Dr. José Leme Lopes sees it as a "kind of collective cathartic." Psychologist J. Wayne Gibson, an American living and working in Brazil as an industrial consultant and private therapist, has watched half a dozen carnavales. Last week he offered a TIME correspondent these observations on the festival's psycho roots and meaning:

Carnaval is not so much a time to prepare for Lent and deny earthly pleasure as it is an opportunity to realize romantic ambitions. It is the one time when a person is permitted to work out his sex problems in his own fashion. He finds a new love, or dances with a woman he has loved from afar. There's even a word for it: *namoro de carnaval*, or carnival affair. A frustrated husband can finally go out and dance with young girls. Young bachelors can find girls to fall in love with. There are so many amorous dynamics tied up in *carnaval* love that the murder rate increases tremendously. Very few of the murders involve robberies; but the majority are a way of solving the eternal triangle—by knocking off one of the corners.

Brazil is ostensibly a Catholic country, but it is not really Catholic. African rites were brought by slaves, and the lower-class people who prac-

tice spiritism have adopted Catholic saints and some Catholic rituals. They use the Catholic icons to represent their African gods. *Carnaval* ends up as a time when the lower class uses the status of the rich white man's religion mixed with African gods—the ones the poor believe in. The celebration thus pulls the country together.

In the U.S., everyone can afford to live it up more than once a year. But the poor Brazilian is kept away from places of entertainment by his color and his clothes; he wouldn't know how to act, and he doesn't have the money anyway. *Carnaval* is the only time of the year when the doorman or the janitor who has worked for the rich man all year long can dress up in the rich man's clothing and feel that the two of them have something in common.

The phenomenon of *carnaval* is that a person begins to think, "It's not so much that I am having fun, but I see so many people having fun that I too begin enjoying myself. And because they see me having fun, they, in turn, have more fun." That is why *carnaval* is so embedded in the culture. One can see poor, ragged people looking as if they were having fun. You would have to ask each individual if he is enjoying himself; but at least they look as if they were. This is agreeable to the human being who gets caught up in it; one feels he must become involved in it. But on the other hand, a lot of people leave Rio at *carnaval* time because they are afraid to get caught up in it.



COUTURIER CASTRO LIMA



RIO WOMEN WORKING ON FANTASIAS



DECORATIONS ON AVENIDA RIO BRANCO

PEOPLE

Sunday afternoons were miserable for **Vince Lombardi**, 55, after he gave up coaching and became full-time general manager of the Green Bay Packers, the football team that he molded to greatness. So, after a year of restless prowling in the executive inner sanctum, Lombardi signaled a new play: a transfer to the National Football League's moribund Washington Redskins as head coach. The Packers' board tried blocking him for a bit but finally yielded. His new contract calls for "a substantial portion of equity," rumored to be 5% of the Redskin stock, worth \$500,000. Skins fans, who last savored a national championship in 1942, are already worrying about tickets for next year's title match.

When an old eye ailment forced him to drop out of his own golf tournament, the **Bob Hope** Desert Classic in Palm Springs, Calif., the comedian had a substitute at the ready: that former song-and-dance man, **Senator George Murphy**. Said Hope of his replacement: "He's certainly made his mark on the Senate floor. He forgot to take his tap shoes off."

That monumental spin through space will be hard to match, but even so, **Apollo 8 Command Pilot Frank Borman** has had some rarefied moments on earth since re-entry. Last week, for instance, a European tour took him from Birmingham Palace to the Elysée Palace to a dinner with Belgium's King Baudouin and Queen Fabiola. Borman proved himself a deft diplomat. In England he pointed out that Apollo's fuel cell was based on an invention by a Cambridge scientist. In Paris he praised French Sci-

ence Fiction Author Jules Verne in a personal letter to his grandson, Jean-Jules Verne. After an audience with President Charles de Gaulle, he reported, with just the right touch of humility: "I was awed. I realized I was in the presence of a great man."

The temperature in Quebec City was 10° F., and **Princess Grace** of Monaco, in town for the annual Winter Carnival and a visit to an old friend, Mrs. Gilles Lamontagne, wife of the mayor, was appropriately cool and collected when newsmen collared her for some comments. On the problem of raising bilingual children (French and English): "I'm still waiting for someone to write a handbook on it." On the trials of being an ex-actress: she finds it "flattering" to receive film offers but politely de-



PRINCESS GRACE & SNOWMAN
Royal reaction.

cines them. As for films in general: "I'm awfully tired of seeing people take their clothes off."

Everybody was well fortified with vintage Mumm's champagne before the bubbly pairs of part-time actors began playing the part of traveling companions in the filming of a series of Braniff Airways commercials. First off, there was baseball's **Whitey Ford** tweaking the twitching mustache of **Salvador Dali**. Then came another Odd Couple, **Mickey Rooney** and **Rex Reed**. "Let's hurry this show up," cracked the much-married Rooney. "I gotta be in court. I'm gettin' another divorce, ya know?" The most memorable set of seamates, though, was Novelist **Mickey Spillane** ("I only write for money") and venerable Poet **Marianne Moore**. "This is gonna ruin my reputation," quipped Spillane, sipping a glass of milk while Miss Moore sampled the champagne. "Don't worry," the director assured the



MARIANNE MOORE & MICKEY SPILLANE
Surrealistic seamates.

poet when she began tugging on her calf-length skirt. "You could have worn your miniskirt for these closeups." "I did," she retorted.

There stood French Minister of Culture **André Malraux**, all set to lay a block of rock from the Louvre in place as the cornerstone for the new \$2.4 million Marc Chagall Memorial Museum in Nice. Beside him beamed Chagall. Then out of the crowd leaped a mustachioed, bald-headed fellow crying "*A bas Chagall!*" Splat! With unerring aim he squirted Malraux in the face with a syringe full of red paint. Cat-quick, Malraux grabbed the weapon and squirted the squirty back. "There are cranks everywhere," he shrugged as the *flics* took custody of the offender, a Riviera artist named Pierre Pinoncelli. "I don't intend to press charges," said Malraux. "It's just watercolor," cried Pinoncelli as the cops carted him away. "You won't even have to send your coat to the cleaner—just wash it off."

For 50 years the punny words poured out of his typewriter, recounting the sex-capades of starlets, giving publicity where it was due, telling of splituppers and apartakes, and tut-tutting nawdy tidbits from rot 'n roll singers. Once, 1,000 newspapers carried his columns, and a nationwide radio audience leaned forward in its chair to catch his Sunday flashes for "Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships at sea . . ." Last week, with his syndication down to 100 papers and the radio program long since scratched, **Walter Winchell**, 71, announced his retirement. Still "shaken up" over the December suicide of his only son, Walter Jr., he has been vacationing in Paradise Valley, Ariz. Said he: "We've had a lot of heartaches. This is the time for me to step down."



JEAN-JULES VERNE & FRANK BORMAN
Deft diplomat.

What to do when a customer gives you a snow job.

When it happened to us, we made tracks.

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Now our business has snowballed beyond snowmobiles, and we're working on track designs for tractors and rice paddy tractors.

When it comes to making the most of inexperience and expense, you'll find our track record's pretty good.



B.F.Goodrich

We made tracks.

SCIENCE

METEOROLOGY

Chopping a Hole in Fog

In desperate and imaginative efforts to clear fog from airports, highways and other critical areas, meteorologists have used giant fans, rotating racks strung with nylon strands and chemicals dropped from planes or spewed upward from strange machines on the ground. Now the U.S. Air Force thinks that it has found a practical new weapon in the continuing fight against fog: the helicopter.

During research into the meteorology of fogs, scientists at the Air Force Cambridge Research Laboratories in Bedford, Mass., concluded that there might be a simple way to disperse mists that develop when moist air near the ground is cooled at night. The researchers reasoned that if the warm, drier air above could somehow be driven down into the moist blanket of fog, it would cause suspended water droplets to evaporate, thus clearing the air.

For recent tests of their theory, the Air Force scientists chose Smith Mountain Airport, near Roanoke, Va., which is often socked in by moist, low-lying mist. The Air Force made available twin-turbine CH-3E helicopters for use as mixing devices.

In a routine developed during three foggy weeks of tests, a helicopter was flown to an altitude of 500 ft. above the mist, where it hovered until the turbulence of its downdraft traced a circular outline about 5,000 ft. in diameter on the upper layer of fog. The chopper then descended to 100 ft. above the fog and, at a speed of 30 m.p.h., began to fly in a gradually enlarging spiral pattern until it reached the edge of

the circular outline. Within a minute, the fog began to fade away at the center of the circle. Ten minutes later, a clearing nearly a mile in diameter had been opened above the airport.

Air Force scientists are conducting further experiments in California to refine their fog-dispersing system, but they say that it has already proved practical under combat conditions in Southeast Asia. Twice, after Air Force planes were forced down and obscured by low-lying cloud banks in enemy-infested territory, rescue helicopters spiraled overhead until they had cleared holes in the clouds. They then lowered lines and rescued the downed pilots, who thus became the first beneficiaries of a novel procedure that Air Force scientists hope will soon become routine.

SPACE

The Spider and the Gumdrop

In the pioneering days of manned space flight, U.S. astronauts began affectionately bestowing names such as "Molly Brown" on their spacecraft. But NASA officials soon decided that nicknames were undignified for craft involved in a historic national effort. Word went out to put an end to name-calling. Even official labels had to be made more solemn. On the theory that Lunar Excursion Module (LEM) was too frivolous a name for the moon-landing craft, NASA gravely renamed it Lunar Module, thus reducing the friendly LEM to the unpronounceable LM.

Now NASA's name ban is apparently being subverted. Without the knowledge of NASA headquarters in Washington, astronauts and technicians training for the forthcoming Apollo 9 mission (Feb.

28) began substituting descriptive nicknames for the unwieldy jargon prescribed for their spacecraft. The command and service modules—the joined conical and cylindrical-shaped units that constitute the Apollo spacecraft!—were collectively dubbed Gumdrop. The ungainly, four-legged lunar module was appropriately renamed Spider. The nicknames have been used so consistently during more than a month of simulator practice that NASA may well be forced to avoid the confusion and inconvenience of a last-minute name change. Then Spider and Gumdrop will perform their missions in space.

PHYSICS

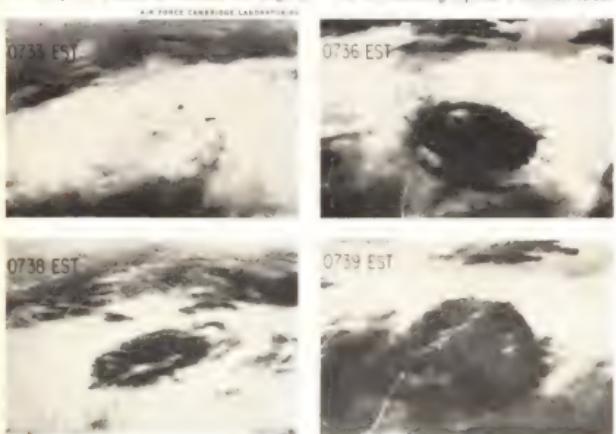
Exceeding the Speed Limit

For Columbia University Physicist Gerald Feinberg, the monthly magazine *Fantasy and Science Fiction* is as compelling as any learned scientific journal. It has printed a continuing debate between Authors Isaac Asimov and Arthur C. Clarke over the existence of a particle that travels faster than light. "Impossible, that's all," Asimov insisted in 1967. "Possible, that's all," retorted Clarke in a recent issue. Feinberg's fascination is understandable. The particle is his conception, although he is still not certain that it really exists.

Feinberg has long felt frustrated by Einstein's 1905 conclusion that velocities greater than the speed of light (186,000 miles per second) are absolutely impossible. Such speeds must be approached before man will ever be able to travel to distant stars, and Feinberg says that he does not "like the thought of being permanently confined by limited velocities to a small region around our solar system."

Tedious Trip. Spurred on by that hemmed-in feeling, Feinberg brazenly began questioning the inviolable Einsteinian speed limit more than a decade ago. But no matter how he analyzed the set of mathematical equations that define relativity, he could not escape the conclusion that matter cannot be accelerated to the speed of light, to say nothing of higher velocities. The equations showed that at the velocity of light, the mass and energy of any ordinary particle would become infinite—a clearly impossible situation. Beyond it, his mathematics suggested, the mass and energy of the particle can only be represented by the kind of number that mathematicians call "imaginary"—also an inconceivable state of affairs.

Feinberg was unable to get around this mathematical roadblock until he was struck by an ingenious idea. If mass becomes imaginary at high velocities, why not see what happens when an imaginary number is substituted for mass at rest? When he made the substitution, he was able to derive a real number for the energy of a-particle trav-



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fully automatic
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to make running
on peanuts a whole
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It's only the beginning. Standard equipment in

this lowest priced Mini-Brute includes an all-vinyl interior, a 55-horsepower engine that stretches gallons into miles, 4-speed, standard transmission that's synchronized in all forward gears, and a long list of GM safety equipment.

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eling above the speed of light. Translating this concept into physical terms, Feinberg conjured up a strange particle that seemed to exist only on the other side of the speed-of-light barrier; it could move at velocities greater than 186,000 m.p.s., but never at that speed or slower. Thus, because it could never stop, its rest mass was irrelevant and could indeed be an imaginary number.

According to the relativity equations, that "tachyon" (name that Feinberg coined from the Greek word for "swift") should have other strange characteristics. Unlike familiar particles, which gain mass and energy as they accelerate toward the speed of light, Feinberg's particle would lose mass and energy as it accelerated beyond the light barrier. At infinite speeds, it would theoretically



PHYSICIST FEINBERG

Spurred on by a hemmed-in feeling,

have no mass or energy at all. Like a plane going faster than the speed of sound, a tachyon with an electrical charge would generate a "light boom" as it traveled faster than 186,000 m.p.s. The boom would take the form of visible light that might well be detectable.

Unbelievable Velocity. With these characteristics in mind, researchers in Sweden, at Princeton and at Indiana State University have been working on a variety of complex experiments designed to detect tachyons—so far without success. Feinberg himself has suggested a massive, computer-aided survey of existing bubble-chamber pictures of particle collisions, hoping that someone may find a pattern that will confirm the presence of tachyons.

If tachyons are some day found—and somehow harnessed—Feinberg's dreamed-of trip to the distant stars may yet be possible. The Einstein barrier to higher speeds would still be unbreakable by man and his spacecraft, but with their unbelievable speeds, the particles could serve to accelerate men closer to the velocity of light.



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RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

"Get Going, and Don't Come Back"

From the reception room of the Vatican's Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, a waiting monsignor led the visitor to a turn-of-the-century elevator. They rode down several floors, walked through rooms lined with musty, leather-bound volumes, entered yet another gloomy room. Across a heavy wooden table, decorated only with an austere black crucifix, sat a man in a black, violet-trimmed cassock. The visitor presented himself.

"I am Illich."

"I know."

"Monsignor, who are you?"

"I am your judge."

Thus began, last June, the Vatican examination of Monsignor Ivan Illich, 42, Vienna-born New York priest, linguist and controversial founder of one of Latin America's most promising experiments in social and cultural education, the Center for Intercultural Documentation in Cuernavaca, Mexico. What began as a quiet investigation has blown into a full-scale and still unresolved controversy in the past few weeks.

Cruel Realities. The confrontation was inevitable, if long in developing. Restlessly brilliant, Illich has an ironically orthodox background: he has a doctorate in history from Salzburg University, studied theology at Rome's centuries-old Capranica and philosophy at the Vatican's prestigious Gregorian University. By the time he was 31, he was vice-rector of Catholic University in Puerto Rico and monsignor. But in 1960 he disagreed with the political intervention of Puerto Rico's Bishop James McManus when the bishop tried to forbid Catholics to vote for Governor Luis Muñoz Marín, who favored experimental birth control centers. The late Francis Cardinal Spellman, to whose diocese Illich was permanently attached, eased Illich home.

He was not home long. Having raised money and the support of Fordham University, he set off to Cuernavaca to establish a training center for a new kind of missionary for priest-poor Latin America. The Illich missionaries—priests, nuns, laymen—were to become a sort of Catholic peace corps, awake to the ideas, the language, the culture and the cruel economic and social realities of the area. The center was to become, as one admiring Latin American archbishop would put it later, a place of "incarnation," where Yankees would be born again with Latin American hearts. Gradually, though, its focus became wider, moving away from a solely Catholic orientation and attracting college students and professors of all faiths, and even Protestant missionaries. As the center flourished, Cuernavaca



CUERNAVACA'S IVAN ILLICH
Standoff in the Vatican basements.

became a stopover for reformers of many political persuasions, from middle to far left. All—even the most radical—were invited to plunge into freewheeling discussions. That in itself was enough to make the center suspect to many conservatives. Then Illich himself spoke out. He complained in the Jesuit magazine *America* that most North American Catholic efforts in Latin America were thinly disguised colonialism. He suggested in the Catholic magazine *The Critic* that most future Latin American priests might best be working family men who would only exercise their priestly role part time.

The criticisms of U.S. Catholic programs in Latin America won Illich the enmity of Boston's Richard Cardinal Cushing, a chief sponsor of such aid programs. Illich's other ideas and the innovations at Cuernavaca provoked mutterings at the Vatican. Cardinal Spellman remained an ally; shortly before his death he flatly refused a request from the Mexican Bishops' Conference to recall Illich "until sustaining reasons are brought forth." But in Rome, Antonio Cardinal Samoré, conservative president of the Pontifical Commission for Latin America, issued commanding demands for an investigation of Illich and the center, until the Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith—the descendant of the Roman Inquisition—agreed. The investigation ultimately brought Illich to Rome last June.

Subversive Interpretation. As Illich told it to New York Times Religion Editor Edward B. Fiske, the outcome in the musty Vatican basements was a standoff. He refused to take an oath of secrecy, refused to answer questions un-

til a list of charges had been presented to him. When the "charges" finally appeared, they turned out to be a list of 85 questions under such headings as "Weird Conceptions about the Clergy in the Church," and "Subversive Interpretation Concerning the Liturgy and Ecclesiastical Discipline." Sample question: "How do you respond to those who present you as petulant, adventurous, imprudent, fanatical and hypnotizing?" After receiving the questions, Illich wrote an eight-page letter to Franjo Cardinal Seper, the Congregation's prefect, explaining that he could not answer them. The form of the questions, he wrote, "seems designed to wreck any hope of a human and Christian dialogue between the one judging and the one being judged."

Grand Inquisitor. Though Illich's examination itself was inconclusive, the Congregation ultimately ruled against him. Three weeks ago, it issued an order that all Roman Catholic priests and members of religious orders were henceforth forbidden to study at the Cuernavaca center. Illich was not surprised. Even before his session at the Vatican, he had quietly asked for—and had received—temporary lay status from New York's Archbishop Terence Cooke. Thus he gave up the right to say Mass and perform other priestly functions but also adroitly deprived the Vatican of any effective power of suspension.

In New York last week, however, Illich sounded like a man regrettably more outside than in. He assailed the Sacred Congregation for violating the Pope's own orders for open hearings and for "vague, ambiguous and irresponsible charges" that could only be made "because people throughout the world have been led to believe that whatever the Vatican says must be true." As for himself, he said, "I am giving up proving my orthodoxy to the Vatican. I have, now, no further desire to do so." Though loyal to basic church doctrine, and to the church's role as a caretaker of Western civilization, Illich is convinced that social reform in Latin America must come from outside the church. Consequently, he will remain at Cuernavaca—even though that means continuing in a lay status while observing the celibacy of a priest.

Some dismayed Catholics are hoping that the Vatican's order, not yet fully promulgated worldwide, might still be rescinded. That is doubtful, but there is at least a hint that the Illich affair was more than a little disturbing to Rome. Cardinal Seper's last words to him, Illich recalled with some amazement last week, were "Get going, get going, and do not come back." They were, Illich noted, remarkably close to the last words spoken by the Grand Inquisitor to his prisoner, Jesus Christ, in the philosophical vignette from *The Brothers Karamazov*. In Dostoevsky's tale, Christ has returned to earth, and the Inquisitor decides to burn him because his ideas of



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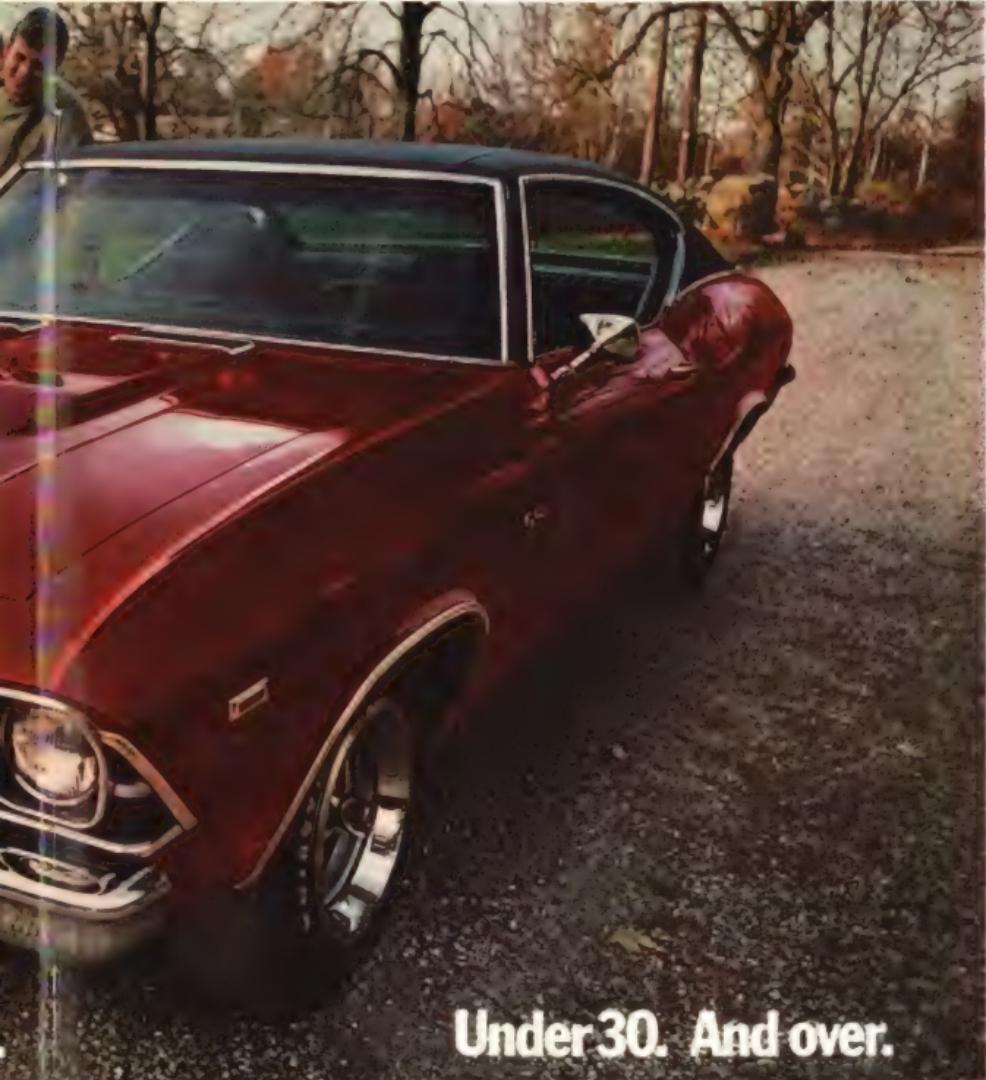
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freedom are too dangerous for the world. After receiving his sentence from the Inquisitor, Christ kisses him. The Grand Inquisitor, shaken, orders him out: "Go, and come no more—come not at all, never, never!"

ANGLICANS

Ecumenical Saints

Canonization of saints is a Roman Catholic practice that for Protestants was swept away with the Reformation. But in the centuries since, Protestants themselves have produced many eminent men of God, and there are few ways of honoring them. One way, in the Church of England, is inclusion on the church calendar for commemoration in

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JOHN WESLEY
From dissident to distinction.

daily services. This week in Britain an Anglican liturgical conference will consider new additions to the list, including four dissenters and even some Counter-Reformation Roman Catholics.

The dissenters are John and Charles Wesley (March 3), the 18th century founders of Methodism. George Fox (Jan. 13), the 17th century founder of the Society of Friends, and John Bunyan (Aug. 31), the Puritan author of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. All of them had their problems with the Church of England. John Wesley, himself an ordained Anglican priest, broke with the church when it refused to recognize his movement, and ordained his own ministers. Quaker Fox and his flock were hounded by church authorities for much of their lives. Bunyan spent twelve years in prison for preaching without a license.

Some of the recommended new dates on the calendar are reserved for more recent, less radical figures: John Keble, one of the brightest lights of the 19th century Anglican resurgence known as the Oxford Movement, and David Livingstone, 19th century medical missionary who incidentally helped to open up the continent of Africa. Perhaps most surprising in the ecumenical list is the inclusion of two prominent figures from the Catholic Counter-Reformation: St. Francis Xavier, the great Jesuit missionary to India and Japan, and St. Francis de Sales—who on the proposed list is generously allowed to share a commemoration day with King Charles I.



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SPORT

GOALS

Blocks on the Greens

The record books of the Professional Golfers' Association will never show it, but the 1969 Los Angeles Open last month was a milestone. Short, stubby Charlie Sifford, jumping off to a first-round lead with five birdies and an eagle in one six-hole spree, won the season's opening tournament on the first hole of a sudden-death play-off against, ironically, South Africa's Harold Henning. Thus Sifford, long the victim of the *apartheid* in pro golf, picked up \$20,000 and became, however briefly, the first Negro to lead the money winners on the pro tour.

The P.G.A. has good reason to ignore this aspect of Sifford's victory. Golf, owing in large part to the hide-bound P.G.A., was for years one of the most segregated major sports in the U.S. The P.G.A. waited until 1961, a full ten years after most other pro sports were fully integrated, before it removed the Caucasian-only clause from its membership requirements. Even now, the majority of blacks seen on the pro circuit are still the caddies. Of the 300 pros on last year's tour, only six were Negro. This season there are eleven, and though such experienced competitors as Sifford and Lee Elder, 33, who finished seventh in the recent Bing Crosby National, are capable of winning any tournament, they agree that it will probably be five years or more before any Negro golfer can hope to join the ranks of the top ten moneymakers over a full season.

Moonlighting Players. It is not that they lack the talent to play golf, just the opportunity. As Sifford says: "White people have been playing golf for a hundred goddam years, man. Negroes have had a tough enough time just getting into school, let alone playing golf."

"In Mississippi," explains Pete Brown, 34, who earned \$8,356 on the tour last season, "we weren't allowed to play golf, but me and some of the other Negro caddies used to scrape up a few clubs and sneak onto the course at dawn or even late at night." If nothing else, adds George Thorpe, 26, a second-year pro from Roxboro, N.C., "playin' by moonlight sure teaches you how to keep the ball on the fairway."

Another problem is sponsorship. "You need about \$15,000 a year for expenses to play the tour," says Lee Elder, who finished 54th in the rankings last year with earnings of \$31,690, "and it is rare for a Negro to have a sponsor." As a result, says Ray Botts, 32, who won only \$3,431 last season, many young black golfers cannot afford to sharpen their game with consistent tournament play and "they get disillusioned very quickly." Some are reduced to hustling duffers, while others who stick it out often do so at the expense of their prime playing years. Howard ("Left")

Brown, for example, after six years of hacking around the pocket-money tournaments organized by Negro businessmen, finally found a sponsor and joined the P.G.A. circuit for the first time this season. He is 32, or about ten years older than the white rookies on the tour.

Fortunately, says Brown, a 6-ft. 3-in., 285-lb. long-ball hitter, golf has shed many of its old discriminatory practices—or at least the most obvious ones. Six years ago, says Brown, when he was playing in a left-handed tournament in Florida, he was not only banned from the clubhouse dining room but, he says, from winning. "I finished third," he explains. "But I would have won if



SIFFORD AT WORK

A lack of opportunity, not talent.

"had this white lady not stolen my ball on the 16th hole, I finally had to play it as a lost ball and lost two strokes."

Late Bloomer. Charlie Sifford remembers the segregated days all too clearly, but he refuses to talk about them lest they "make me bitter all over again." Though he won \$33,186 last year, he feels shortchanged by golf. When he answers the phone in his four-room apartment in Los Angeles, he likes to crack: "Arnold Palmer's residence," an oblique dig at the uppity country-club set who, he feels, regard him as a Rochester rather than a Jackie Robinson. Referring to the cigar he chomps on while playing, he says, "Yeah, that's the only way people can recognize me. I've been smoking them for 20 years, but no cigar company's come along to sponsor me."

The son of a Charlotte, N.C., laborer, Sifford was a caddie who began playing golf with gnarled sticks at ten. By the time he was 15, he was breaking 70. "I started playing," he recalls, "because I realized one day that I could

hit the ball just as easy as I could hand the club to somebody else." After serving as Negro Singer Billy Eckstine's valet, chauffeur and golf instructor for five years, Sifford began touring in 1953. Polishing his methodically accurate game, he finished first in such tournaments as the Gardena Valley and Aberdeen opens, won the National Negro Championship four years in a row. In 1957 he entered the Long Beach Open and became the first Negro to win a regularly scheduled—though unofficial—P.G.A. tournament.

Since gaining his P.G.A. membership card in 1964, Sifford has increased his yearly earnings from \$17,182 to a high of \$47,025 in 1967, when he finished 25th in the money rankings. Though he slipped to 50th last season, he feels that his victory in the Los Angeles Open has launched him on "my best year yet." At 45, Sifford may not have many best years left. Nevertheless, capitalizing on a coaching tip from a friend, 48-year-old Julius Boros, he figures he will be a late bloomer. Says Sifford happily: "It's just been the last year that I learned to play the game—after 25 years of trying. I don't hook any more."

BASEBALL

Inside Man

Ten minutes before a Miami Beach press conference, called last week to announce the new commissioner of baseball, one reporter asked an official if the name that was leaked earlier was indeed the choice of the team owners. "Yes," the reporters were told, "it is Bowie Kuhn, but please, gentlemen, act surprised." They did—but it was no act. Sportscaster Red Barber's reaction was typical: "Who? I never heard of the man."

After two months of dickering and dallying, the owners of the 24 major league teams were in agreement on only one point when they met in Miami Beach: the new commissioner should come from "inside baseball." Kuhn, 42, the attorney for the National League since 1950, was so far inside that he was lost in the shuffle of names mentioned for the job, which included everyone from Stan Musial to Hubert Humphrey. Kuhn's appointment was as big a surprise as the owners' previous choice, William D. Eckert, a retired Air Force general who was so far outside baseball that he had little feel or flair for the sport and its problems of modernization.

Action-Man Fan. Like Eckert, referred to as the "Unknown Soldier" during his three years in the job, Kuhn was a compromise choice. Caught in a squeeze play between Mike Burke, president of the New York Yankees, and Charles ("Chub") Feeney, vice president of the San Francisco Giants, the squabbling owners surprised themselves by deciding unanimously on Pinch Hitter Kuhn on the first vote. Said Chicago White Sox Owner Arthur Allyn: "The two leagues have been feuding for so



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long I didn't think we could even agree on the sun rising in the east."

Mending relations between the two leagues is only one of the problems confronting Kuhn. At the moment, his most pressing concern is the boycott of spring training that is threatened by the Major League Baseball Players' Association if its pension-fund demands are not met. The players want to channel a fixed percentage of the leagues' income from TV contracts into their fund; the owners are offering a flat \$5.1 million. Kuhn, who listed player relations among his National League duties, is a skilled negotiator. But it will take more than persuasion for baseball to keep pace with the speedy '70s. Not only does the organization of the major leagues need to be restructured, but the game itself



KUHN

The surprise was genuine.

must be streamlined to attract the action-mad modern fan.

Real Buff. Bowie Kuhn, a distant relative of the knife-wielding frontier hero, Jim Bowie, may be just the man to cut through the encrustations of baseball. At 6 ft. 5 in. and 230 lbs., he looks more like a retired tackle than a Wall Street lawyer whose chief passion is gardening. The great-great-grandson of Maryland Governor Robert Bowie, he was raised in Washington, D.C. As a boy he worked inside the scoreboard at Griffith Stadium, then the home of the Senators, for \$1 a day. He played no sports in high school or at Princeton, but his wife Linda describes him as a "real baseball buff. He can tell you who played the outfield for the St. Louis Browns in 1920, and things like that."

Though Kuhn's appointment is for only one year at a salary of \$100,000, many owners think he should stay at the job permanently. But last week, after appointing a committee to study the modernization of baseball, he observed that he and the committee may decide "that baseball does not need the office of commissioner."

EDUCATION

SCHOOLS

Exercise of Authority

Liberal fears that the new Republican Administration plans to let the states operate their schools unassisted and virtually as they please were emphatically laid to rest last week. For the job of U.S. Commissioner of Education, President Richard Nixon picked James E. Allen Jr., the tough-minded education commissioner of New York—a man who does not hesitate to wield his authority in order to bring about reforms in the schools.

In New York, the greying, 57-year-old Allen skillfully ran the state's labyrinthine school system as an independent duuchy that critics and supporters alike called "the fourth branch of government." Allen, who controlled schooling from pre-kindergarten through college, raised education expenditures to 40% of the state's \$5.4 billion budget and led the fight against Northern *de facto* segregation. There is no doubt that he plans to exercise equal influence as the nation's top educational official. In his first statement after his appointment, Allen urged "a massive attack on the education needs of the disadvantaged and the ghetto residents"; he stressed the need to involve them "in the concepts, the planning, and the design of such programs."

Double Deal. When President Kennedy offered him the same Washington assignment in 1961, Allen, a gaunt, muscular-faced West Virginian, turned it down. He had spent six years on the job in New York, and he was convinced that the best hope for improved schools lay with the states. Even though he has since changed his mind about the importance of federal influence, Allen refused President Nixon's initial offer because of his doubts about the new Administration's priorities for education. He finally accepted after he was given two posts—that of U.S. Commissioner of Education and Assistant Secretary in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. "I had to be certain I would be able to speak for education in this Administration," he explains. "and that it was prepared to move forward and not just keep a holding operation. I got that assurance."

He intends to make the most of it. Though he prefers to settle most issues with negotiations, Allen, son of a Presbyterian minister, has shown a steely sense of mission in handing down controversial decisions. He was charged with "coddling the Communists" when he blocked a New York City teacher-loyalty campaign in the 1950s, and he was even more the target of acrimony when he ordered the integration of hostile all-white districts in 1963. But after last fall's bitter, 36-day New York City teacher strike, he was the only major participant to emerge with his reputation intact. It was Allen's plan to place a state

trustee in charge of a troubled experimental district that eventually brought the long strike to its end.

For the Millennium. In Washington, Allen expects to encourage progress by prodding the states into action. "The states simply must play their part in the renaissance of education," he says. "They must release the power for innovation and accomplishment that's bottled up in local communities." While willing to be flexible in dealing with school districts that preserve segregation, Allen insists that "when there is a violation of the law, the full force of compliance will be exercised."

Heading Allen's list of priorities are



JAMES E. ALLEN

The reluctance was overcome.

urban ghetto schools, where he feels federal funds can have the most impact. "We have built a middle-class type of education taught by middle-class teachers and run by middle-class administrators for middle-class kids," he argues. "But rarely have we provided the type of teaching that a deprived child really needs." Desegregation and better teacher training are his next big goals. "We are shooting for the millennium," he says, "the time when man respects man." The school, he says, should not be a sheltered island in the community, but rather an all-purpose facility for children and adults alike.

Allen received a measure of the magnitude of his job when President Nixon's task force on education, headed by Carnegie Corporation President Alan Pifer, presented its report urging massive federal spending of up to \$1 billion a year to save city schools. Even if he can pry that kind of money out of Congress, Allen is not likely to find much agreement on just how it is to be used. But bets are that whatever his eventual budget, James Allen will wind up spending the money his way.

BEHAVIOR

DEVIANTS

Turning Pets into People

The Earl of Cranbrook feeds his pet bats on a special mixture of egg yolk, cream cheese and banana. He says, "I keep the bats for about three months, then let them go." When the late Jayne Mansfield tried to smuggle her two Chihuahuas into England, she won the sympathy of the pet-lancing British public by clutching the animals to her celebrated chest and proclaiming, "They appeal to my mother instinct." Ronald Reagan, finding that he was getting on badly with his mongrel, put himself and the dog through a \$250 course of psychotherapy at a Beverly Hills canine funny farm.

Such incidents abound, lively as rabbits, in *Petshists' Pets and Their People in the Western World* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston: \$5.95). Author Kathleen Szasz tells of the great Dane that came to its owner's wedding in top hat and, of course, tails; of the New York City dog whose owner listed him in the phone book, "in case his friends wanted to telephone him"; of the pair of Saint Bernards that "follow their master everywhere—in their own chauffeured station wagon. But there is little glee in the telling. Author Szasz, 56, a Hungarian-born translator of novels, is intent on drawing a stern conclusion—that a growing pack of petshists have come to treat their pets not as animals but as little furry people.

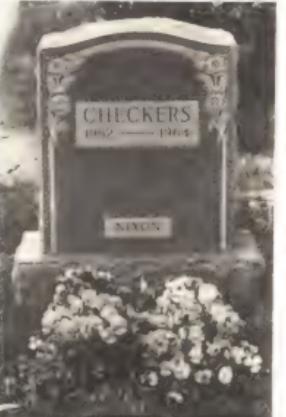
A Pint for the Puma. Unleashing twelve months of research, Mrs. Szasz concedes that pets can provide educational insights into nature. She details the successful efforts of therapists who use pets in diagnosing and treating mentally disturbed children. But man has become neurotic, she contends, when owners take pet alligators for drives, buy hairpieces for dogs and lace-

trimmed nightgowns for cats, give the puma a pint of beer as a nightcap, and make unnecessary gourmet viands the fastest-growing segment of the U.S. pet-food market. Some owners bury their canaries and peacock feathers under massive marble tombstones in special cemeteries. Only last week, an Italian court ruled that a wife was justified in leaving her husband because he regularly shared his bedroom with 30 cats and six dogs while forcing her to sleep in another room.

Petshists' motives are sad, most of them induced by the fact that pets seldom fight back. Mrs. Szasz describes parents guilt-ridden about mistreating their own children. They may try to make up for their failings by smothering their pets with love that would drive any person away. Other animal nuts are merely attempting to buy love. For still others, she quotes Sidney Jourard, a professor of psychology at the University of Florida, who suspects that in an upright society, "the dog patter, the cat stroker, is seeking the contact that is conspicuously lacking in his adult life." "*Homo neuroticus*," says Mrs. Szasz, "de-animalizes his pets in exactly the same way he de-humanizes himself."

What does Mrs. Szasz propose to do? She repeats an ancient plea that man should love his fellow men first, then animals. Viewed properly, they can teach him some valuable lessons. She tells of the father who found his four-year-old son whipping his puppy dog with a belt and shouting, "I'll make a man of you yet, you sniveling little bastard." The father, notes Mrs. Szasz, quickly modified his educational methods.

TOM FISCHBACH/PHOTOREPORTERS



LONG ISLAND GRAVE OF NIXON'S DOG
Also courses at canine funny farms.

ETHICS

Conspiracy of Silence

Returning to his Manhattan apartment one night, CBS Correspondent Hughes Rudd was mugged, robbed and left sprawled and bloodied on the street. Four hours later, as he finally stirred back to consciousness, a passing patrolman asked him what had happened and whether he needed an ambulance. Rudd stubbornly declined aid and limped home. The policeman did not bother to take down his name; except for a call to his credit-card companies, Rudd made no effort to report the assault. "What was the use?" he sighs.

More and more Americans are asking themselves the same question. Despite the "law and order" drive, the public adamantly refuses to report many crimes. According to the University of Chicago's National Opinion Research Center, only about one-half of the rapes, robberies, aggravated assaults, burglaries, and major larcenies that are committed in the U.S. each year manage to get onto the police blotter.

Crime Tolerance. Nowhere is public and police indifference greater than in the big cities, where the violent-crime rate is already five times higher than in rural areas. Harassed, overworked and underpaid, metropolitan police often are not only unable but unwilling to deal with any except the most serious law-enforcement problems. In Detroit, for example, until the city installed a new computerized data-collecting system, many precinct lieutenants let their officers ignore the most obvious signs of burglary—pry marks on a door—and list only a broken window.

City dwellers glumly accept crime as an inevitable hazard. Despairing of ever recovering stolen goods or bringing criminals to account, they decide that silence is the better part of wisdom. After his car was ransacked, Long Island's Democratic Congressman Allard K. Lowenstein echoed the feelings of many of his constituents: "I didn't call the police because I was busy, because reporting takes so much time, and because it is so hard to get the police interested."

Public apathy may also be a measure of what Wayne State Sociologist Joseph L. Albini calls a community's "crime tolerance." Middle-class white mothers, for example, rarely let gang attacks on their children go unreported. Ghetto mothers, however, may well regard such incidents as necessary tests of their youngsters' ability to survive the slum's daily violence. Often, of course, Negro slum dwellers not only passively accept crime but also actively admire the criminals—especially if their victims are white. Many Harlemites, said a local N.A.A.C.P. official recently, "seem to have the idea that [black criminals] are some sort of 20th century Robin Hood."

Sweaty Palms. Beyond sociological reasons lie the personal fears, guilt and shame of the victim himself. Police rare-



MECCA FOR A MOLLYCODDLED MALTESE

Also courses at canine funny farms.

ly hear from the businessman who has been robbed by a prostitute. They are even less likely to get a complaint from the hoodlum who has been threatened by the Mafia or the teen-ager who has paid for pot and got oregano instead. In instances of child molesting, some parents are either too ashamed themselves to go to the police or want to spare their youngsters further embarrassment.

Perhaps the most socially significant kind of public silence involves bystanders who are unwilling to intervene or call police when crimes occur before their eyes. Yet are such silent witnesses really as apathetic as social critics usually portray them? Perhaps not. In what the American Association for the Advancement of Science calls 1968's best sociopsychological research, Professors John M. Darley of Princeton and Bibb Latané of Ohio State portray *homo urbanus* in an entirely different light. Testing the reaction of college students to a feigned emergency, they found that the emotions of those who remained quiet hardly registered what could be called indifference. Often their hands trembled, their palms sweated. If anything, they were more nervous than those who reported the crisis. "The bystander," conclude Darley and Latané, is, in fact, "an anguished individual in genuine doubt, concerned to do the right thing but compelled to make complex decisions under pressure of stress and fear."

PSYCHOPHYSIOLOGY

Getting Along with Getting Up

I have, all my life long, been lying till noon; yet I tell all young men, and tell them with great sincerity, that nobody who does not rise early will ever do any good.

—Samuel Johnson, 1773

People who spring from bed clear-eyed and cheerful tend to think the early bird really does catch the worm. Sluggards grumble that the sunny risers are worms themselves. For Ben Franklin and puritanical believers in his maxims, to be earlier than thou is virtually to be holier. But early-morning surly birds dispute them. After all, no less an American culture hero than Robert Frost milked his cows at midnight because he could not be bothered to get up and do it at sunrise. These days, researchers are slowly waking up to wakening up.

Men in primitive societies sometimes require as little as two hours of sleep a day; yet they may be almost free of the Great Trauma. In many countries, people refuse to wake each other, thinking that a man's soul wanders at night and may not have time to get back if sleep ends prematurely. But for industrial societies, the schedules are merciless. Rising at the crack, grumped German Journalist Johannes Gross recently condemns modern man to the life of peasants. Mutters Pablo Picasso, "I understand why they execute con-



"O.K., YOU USHERED IN THE DAY. NOW YOU CAN USHER IT RIGHT THE HELL OUT AGAIN." Surly birds can't help it.

demned men at dawn. I just have to see the dawn in order to have my head roll all by itself." Hungarian Author Ferenc Molnár was so unaccustomed to daylight that once, when he was dragged into jury duty in the early morning, he looked incredulously at the thronged streets of Budapest and asked, "Are they all jurors?"

Owls and Introverts. The relatively new interdisciplinary science of sleep research may eventually come to vindicate the groggy "owls" and deflate the superior pretensions of the "larks." Humans run on still-mysterious physiological clocks, their body temperatures dipping as much as 2 degrees in the middle of the night and rising toward morning. Late risers, one explanation runs, simply may not be hot enough to get up easily. Deep sleep and light sleep also alternate at different rates; many researchers now argue that slow risers are in a period of heavy sleep when their alarm clocks clang. For yet unexplained reasons, however, some 20% of Americans enjoy accurate internal alarm clocks that wake them automatically.

Introverts function best in the morning, according to British Psychologist Donald Eric Broadbent, but some other psychologists say that the early risers are egotistical—they get up with the idea the world is waiting for them. Adds one: "There is definite evidence that early risers tend to sleep in pajamas, while late risers sleep in underwear or the nude." Edward Stonehill, a British psychologist, notes: "A man may choose to be a milkman because he likes to get up at 3 a.m., not because he has trained himself to wake early." Other psychologists agree that recalcitrant risers simply do not like the activity that awaits them and subconsciously would rather stay in the womb of sleep. It is also well known that early-rising spouses often suffer attacks of fury



BENCHLEY DEMONSTRATING WAKE-UP SKILLS

at the sight of a still-sleeping partner. The only relief: to wake him or her by slamming doors, turning on radios, or sending relays of children to jump up and down on the bed.

Taking another tack, a study made of 600 people in Florida found that the people who woke up most happily were the ones accustomed to regular sleeping habits. Hypnotists can occasionally snap morning drowsers out of their grogginess by implanting suggestions during a trance. It may be, says Psychophysiologist Harvey D. Cohen of Brooklyn's Downstate Medical Center, that researchers will one day show people how to synchronize their sleep and work cycles.

Creativity and Catapaults. Such human engineering, of course, would stunt the passionate creativity that slow risers now use to bevel themselves out of bed. One Los Angeles ad man takes a deep draught of vodka, which, he says, tricks him into thinking it's still last night and he's awake and having a good time. The wife of one comedian once baked him out of bed by turning up the dial on his electric blanket. Humorist Robert Benchley's secretary used to wake him up with such snappy lines as "The men have come to flood the bed for ice skating."

Norman Dine, 60, the insomniac proprietor of a New Jersey store called the "Sleep Center," provides his clients with custom tape-recorded exhortations from their minister or psychiatrist. One nagged, "You hate to face reality because you think you don't measure up. It's absurd to dwell on something like this." Of course, many iron-willed morning veterans rely on nothing more complicated than putting the alarm clock across the room. But if that fails, for \$384, Dine sells an ejecting bed. At the proper ungodly hour, it catapults its owner upright.

THE THEATER

NEW PLAYS

Pilgrims' Regress*

There is something innocent, sweet, and perhaps inaccessible about Geoffrey Chaucer. He regarded sex as one of God's blessings. His devout and lusty pilgrims wending their garrulous way to Canterbury have an easy intimacy with natural odors, natural functions and the natural affections of men and women. The seamless unity of faith and flesh creates an abyss between the 14th century and the 20th. Chaucer's people are not paralyzed by self-consciousness in the act of love. They possess none of modern man's neurotic haste to import trouble in paradise. They export joy.

Unfortunately, the Chaucerian spirit is largely missing from a British musical called *Canterbury Tales*, which has not thrived on a sea change from London. Surprisingly commercial, it treats sex as a commodity and faith as an epilogue, in the manner of a Cecil B. DeMille devotional epic. Nothing is modest about the show except its quality. The amplified sound of the incongruous pop-rock score may reach the moon ahead of the astronauts. The chorus boys' codpieces are ample, but they scarcely camouflage the empty boisterousness of both dance and bawdry.

Four of Chaucer's tales are told: the Miller's, the Steward's, the Merchant's and the Wife of Bath's. The dialogue is all in rhyming couplets, which is rather like spending the evening on a date with a metronome. The stories mainly feature an aging cuckold, a harridan somewhat uglier than sin, and a blonde mini-bombshell named Sandy Duncan, whom nature has cunningly fashioned

for everything except acting. In the key roles of the Steward and the Wife of Bath, George Rose and Hermione Baddeley are formidable contenders for a much-needed Hammy Award.

Waiting to Get Whitey

The defect of the slice-of-life play is that it is never a loaf. The defect of the realistic play is that it trusts the naked eye and ignores the mind's eye. In its endless scanning of surfaces and appearances, slice-of-life realism scants the substance of truth and reality. It is a pity that *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men*, by Lonne Elder III, occupies the worst of these two decidedly dated dramatic worlds.

The play also confirms a kind of habit of Manhattan's Negro Ensemble Company: that of doing spindly works with skill, verve, and beautifully meshed precision. *Ceremonies* is a play about mastering fate by ambushing it. In the social protest of the '30s, the dramatic rallying cry was *Waiting for Lefty*. Written in the era of the Negro revolution, Elder's play might be subtitled *Waiting to Get Whitey*. At the same time, it is the story of the disintegration of a black family. The father (Douglas Turner), an ex-vaudville hoover of 54, is a widower who runs a singularly unsuccessful barbershop. He has two sons, both of whom believe that working for a living is an indignity if it means working for a white man. One of them is an adept shoplifter. A daughter tries to stand for a traditional moral order that seems to be as dead as the mourned mother.

Bewildered by his failure to make an honest living, the father is ready prey to a black militant's suggestion that the barbershop be used as an illicit corn-liquor supply depot. Apart from the father's fling with a floozy, only one thing happens, and that is melodramatic. The shoplifting son is killed, which comes very close to echoing the old-fashioned moral that the wages of sin is death.

Along the meandering way, there are flurries of humor, menace, and a sense of the claustrophobic inertia of Harlem life. But what really makes the play bearable is the superior performances of the players, most notably the emotionally explosive acting of Douglas Turner. He, in particular, gives the drama the mouth-to-mouth resuscitation it so desperately needs.

Stop the World

—I Want to Get Off

When bigger bombs are dropped, Broadway will drop them. *Dear World* is almost in the megaton class (it cost \$750,000), and the stage at the Mark Hellinger Theater is a smoldering rubble of tungsten.

Plays converted into musicals have a high disaster ratio. In some instances, the plays themselves could not have been successfully revived. *The Madwoman*

FRIDAY AFTERNOON



ANGELA LANSBURY IN 'DEAR WORLD'

A megaton bomb.

in *of Chaillot*, from which *Dear World* has been rather conscientiously adapted, is 25 years old, and it doesn't take a play doctor to see that *rigor mortis* has set in.

The Jean Giraudoux original is one of those typical French morality plays cleverly garnished and disguised with wit, world-weariness, and wistfully disenchanted romanticism. In Giraudoux, as in Anouilh, there is also an elegance of manner, a fencing master's play of the intellect, and a sense of historical irony of which few Broadway adapters have the remotest inkling. In *Madwoman*, Giraudoux conceived of a vicious, filthy-rich, top-hatted capitalist cartel that discovers oil under a bistro called the Chez François and is prepared to decimate all of Paris to pan for the black gold. But the eccentric owner of the café, the Countess Aurelia (Angela Lansbury), thwarts these evil malefactors of great wealth. With the aid of two loony cronies and a sewerman (Milo O'Shea), she herds them through a trap door under the cafe into a kind of eternal hell of sewage.

Time has not only blunted the point but reversed it. While capitalism now seems surprisingly benign, the individual who decides to exterminate other people, under whatever pretext, has become distinctly ominous. As a one-madwoman salvage operation, Angela Lansbury saves her reputation if not the show. Looking like a ruefully unkempt Colette, she croons, chortles, and cavorts about the stage with a certain raffish gallantry. The Jerry Herman score is zero, and Choreographer Joe Layton, who once staged dances of tepid promise, has now ascended to scalding mediocrity.



DUNCAN & SUITORS IN "CANTERBURY"
A faulty fusion.

This is the richest graveyard in the world.



Whale vertebra
estimated to be 25
million years old

Near Lakeland, Florida, lies a 200-square-mile area you won't find in a tourist guide. Twenty-five million years ago it was ocean bottom. Today it's a massive deposit of phosphate ore, the sediment of prehistoric marine life. Preserved in the ore are countless bones of sharks, whales and later four-legged mammals.

Natives call it Bone Valley, and this chalky graveyard contains enough phosphates to sustain mining for 1,000 years. Florida's production (one-third of world output) goes to enrich crops as a plant food and fertilizer additive.

Dikes seven stories high

Now a different kind of "monster" roams the valley. Clark-built Michigan tractor scrapers are moving earth to build huge dikes. These will surround settling ponds for a residue of clay—part of the phosphate refining process.

Clark-built Michigan tractor scrapers load, haul and dump in 31 cubic yard bites. Eight scrapers will move 22.5 million cubic yards on a four-year earthmoving contract.

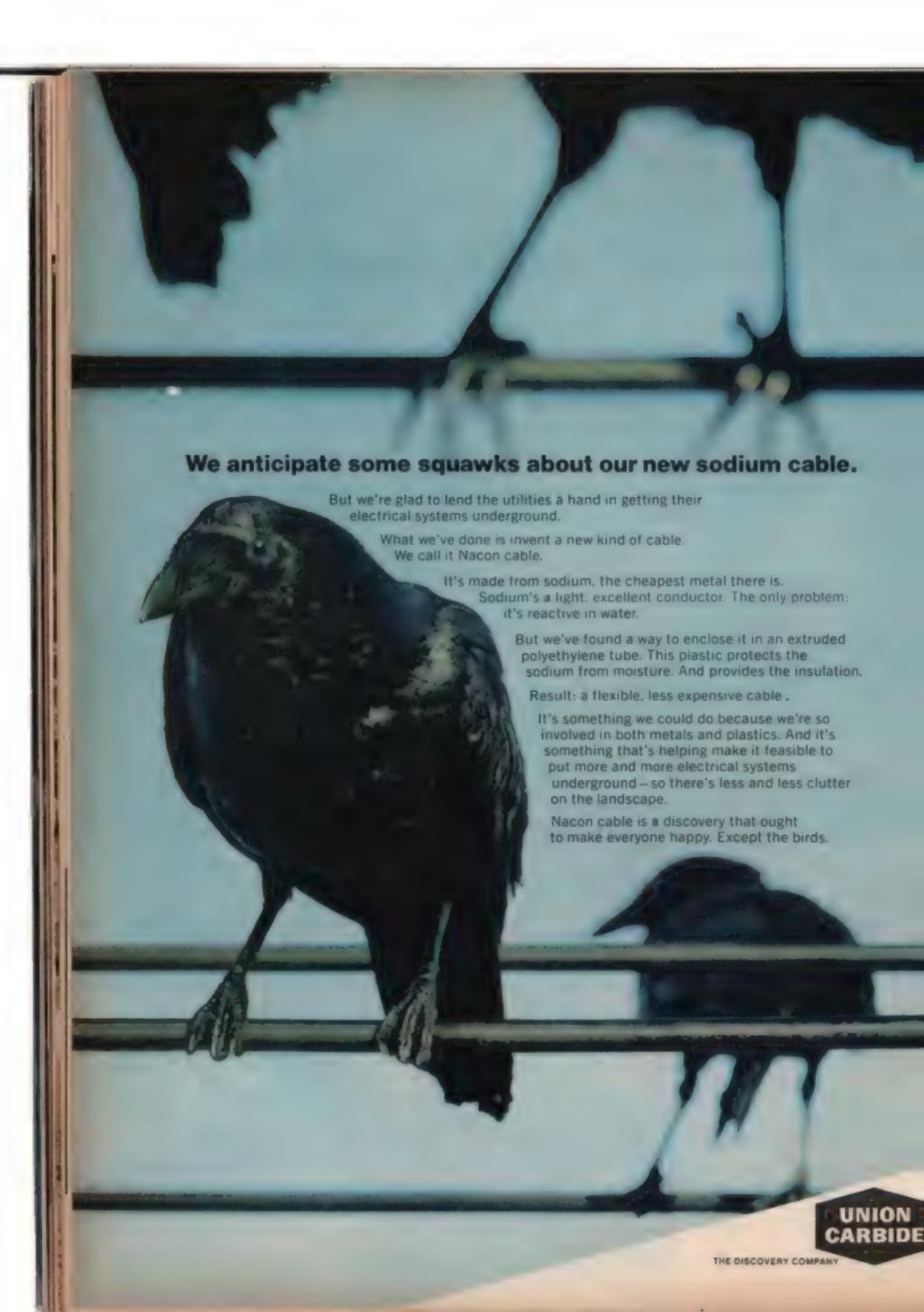


Over the next four years, eight Michigan scrapers will move 22.5 million cubic yards of clay.

Eventually the area will be reclaimed for residential and recreational use, citrus groves and farms.

Michigan scrapers were selected to keep the work on schedule. From the same company that builds lift trucks, truck trailers, axles and transmissions, commercial food refrigeration and earthmoving equipment. Clark Equipment Company, Buchanan, Mich. 49107.

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Nacon cable is a discovery that ought to make everyone happy. Except the birds.

UNION
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ESQUIRE'S "HOWARD HUGHES" PHOTOS

MAGAZINES

Dubious Achievement Award

Has someone finally photographed reclusive Billionaire Howard Hughes and Wife Jean Peters? "Howard Hughes: We See You! We See You!" boasts the caption around the Kodak frames on *Esquire's* March cover and, indeed, the man and woman standing near a swimming pool look strikingly like Mr. and Mrs. Hughes. Spotting the camera, the angry man orders an aide to pursue the photographer.

What a coup! Magazines sold out on newsstands across the country. How did *Esquire* do it? In a manner worthy of a tight-lipped Hughes aide, Editor Harold Hayes huffed, "I think I must elect not to discuss it at all." No wonder. The man and woman are models. The photos, shot in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., are to draw attention to a story on Hughes by a reporter who spent two months on the assignment and—like all other reporters—got not a single glimpse of the man.

Synergistic Scheme of Things

Del Mar, Calif., 18 miles north of San Diego, is a pleasant and quiet resort town with a population of 3,000. But these days some of the lively types taking advantage of the small-town atmosphere and the balmy climate have more on their minds than surfing and suntans. They are magazine editors—many in their mid-20s—holding story conferences for two new magazines, *Psychology Today* and *Careers Today*. Says Nicolas H. Charney, 27, who founded both of them: "It's a very synergistic environment."

To launch his venture, Charney formed a corporation in January 1967, after receiving a Ph. D. in biopsychology from the University of Chicago. "About all I knew," he says, "was that I wanted

ed to put out a magazine, a sort of *Scientific American* of the social sciences. There is psychology behind all acts—eating, going to bed, and so on. People are curious about these things."

Ponderous Talk. He raised \$250,000 from friends and friends of friends. Within four months he and a staff of five sent the first issue of his monthly *Psychology Today* to the newsstands.

From the start, Charney decided that the way to talk about psychology was to let specialists do the talking. Articles ranged from "The Psychopharmacological Revolution" to "Civilization and Its Malcontents," which argued that the neurotic is deficient in his socialization, not excessive, as Freud believed. M.I.T. Linguist Noam Chomsky has dealt with "Language and the Mind," and others have presented conclusions of research projects in areas ranging from "Fantasy Differences in Men and Women" to "Political Attitudes in Children." The current issue takes on the question of "Does the Law Work for You?" with contributors grappling with the problems of "The Psychiatrist and the Legal Process" and the perceptions of witnesses in court: "We discovered that the more punitive people in each of our groups had better recall than the less punitive," writes the author, who disputes the idea that the adversary system "can winnow out the truth."

The authority of the articles is too often obscured by ponderous writing. Aimed at an unspecialized audience, the magazine needs more translation by competent, middleman journalists. Mary Harrington Hall, a former science writer who was one of the first staffers hired by Charney, comes closest. But even when she tries to inject lightness and broader explanation into her tape-recorded interviews with the likes of Existential-Psychotherapist Rollo May and Harvard Behaviorist B. F. Skinner, the transcribed result more often than not sounds like interruptions.

Visually, the magazine can hardly be faulted. The art and photography is rich with color and imagination, providing a provocative—almost psychedelic—accompaniment to the text. In the pre-election issue, for example, television's importance in a campaign year was illustrated by a cover photo showing a woman thrusting her baby forward to be kissed by a politician. Ignoring the infant, the politician is pressing his lips to the lens of a nearby television camera.

Mr. Chips. *Psychology Today* was only Charney's first step. For the second, *Careers Today*. Management

Consultant Peter Drucker was hired as adviser and contributor. Editor is T (for nothing) George Harris, 43, a former *Look* senior editor and *TIME* correspondent, whose freewheeling enthusiasm has made him a sort of Mr. Chips to his writers. (The oldest is 27.)

"We're not a want-ad magazine for jobs," says Harris, who has put out two issues so far. "We'll tell people what's going on so they'll have a chance to act." Using *Psychology's* art style, the magazine is smashing to look at, but has yet to offer many articles over which today's college kids are apt to freak out. "Big Government Wants You" did not go far beyond information available in civil service brochures. "Activists, Radicals and Yippies" offered little analysis that had not already been provided aplenty elsewhere in the press.

On the Beach. The payroll is now up to 140 people and the corporation has spread, amoeba-like, into any available office space in tiny Del Mar. The staffers seem positively euphoric about their mission and a working atmosphere that calls for a new definition of the Organization Man. "The whole place is pretty free up," says Craig Vetter, 26, a *Careers* writer. Formal hours are so casual as to be nonexistent, pants and bikinis are the girls' thing, and the men are dressed up when they don't go barefoot or wear sneakers. Parties are so frequent that their ends and beginnings almost overlap.

Even older staffers are caught up in the mood. Clarence Olson, 41, has quit his job as assistant editor of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch Sunday magazine to become an assistant managing editor of *Careers*. "I walk to work. I camp in the house. I sleep on an air mattress," he says. "I'll just lie on the beach and maybe even buy a dune buggy."

The staff's enthusiasm and optimism seem justified, at least for now. Despite their flaws, the magazines—particularly



CHARNEY (SEATED FIFTH FROM LEFT) AND STAFF
Through new fields of specialization.





We're helping take care of urgent space programs right down here.

Reid Taube and his family are encountering some serious space problems right now, especially every morning at toothbrushing time. But when the kids start needing houses for families of their own, their space problems may be a whole lot bigger.

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And no one knows more about earthbound space problems than Levitt and Sons, having built a record total of more than 80,000 homes. By the end of the next decade, when their building rate will have reached 25,000 homes annually, Levitt predicts annual sales of \$1 billion.

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Today we have offices and factories in 67 countries and sales outlets in 56 more, and employees numbering almost 290,000. In addition to businesses like Levitt, Avis and Sheraton, our operations include telecommunications, data processing, mutual fund management, educational training services, oceanography, air navigation, undersea cables, and consumer loan services—among others.

By bringing to bear our total expertise in all areas where we operate, our companies generate increased competition within industries, which leads to more efficient use of manpower and material resources. This results in a better, more comfortable life for you, the Taubes, and people everywhere.

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ITT

SERVING PEOPLE AND NATIONS EVERYWHERE

Psychology Today—are based on the sound idea of leading general readers through fascinating new fields of specialization. Charney is backing them with an intensive and well-financed promotion campaign. The charter issue of *Careers* last September was mailed free to all *Psychology* subscribers. Four million letters were sent to people on a well-circled mailing list, and 100 full-page ads have run in national publications.

John Verons, 40, former senior vice president of Curtis Publishing and now a partner in the company (which has the pretentious title of Communications Research Machines), has persuaded 40 investors to put up \$10 million. Already, *Psychology Today* claims a paid circulation of 350,000 (yearly rate: \$10), which puts it in a category with *Harper's* and *Atlantic*. *Careers* claims 250,000.

EDITORS

Death of a Conscience

The enlightened Southern editor wagging his fearless and lonely fight against prejudice has become a journalistic stereotype. Yet the death last week of the Atlanta Constitution's Ralph McGill, two days before his 71st birthday, was a painful reminder of just how rare such men are. For four decades his daily column caressed the South with his love, lashed it for its faults, served as its conscience. Surveys repeatedly rated him as both the region's best-liked and least-liked writer—but always the most read. Even his haters could not ignore him, because as one of his admiring colleagues put it: "Mac had guts when it took guts to have guts."

Ralph McGill was no crusader. He considered his columns and editorials to be merely common-sense appeals to the humanitarian impulses of his fellow Southerners. A soft-spoken, always courteous man, he preferred understatement. He put down Alabama's Governor George Wallace's 1963 defiance at the schoolhouse door as "a little man standing alone in his diminishing circle." Fittingly, his last column, an open letter to new HFW Secretary Robert Finch, was a low-key plea that the Federal Government not yield to Southern plans to perpetuate dual school systems for Negroes and whites. "The freedom of choice plan is, in fact, neither real freedom nor a choice," McGill wrote. "It is discrimination."

Rastus. Only when an outrageous act angered him did McGill drop his civility. After the assassination of Robert Kennedy, he assailed the "abscesses in America's society—the jackals, the cowards, the haters, the failures who hate achievers, the yapping feist pack that tries to drown out truth, those who dislike Jews, Negroes, Catholics, liberals." He won a Pulitzer Prize for a 1958 editorial that deplored the bombings of an Atlanta synagogue and a newly integrated Tennessee high school as the work of "rabid, mad-dog minds" and warned: "When the wolves of

hate are loosed on one people, then no one is safe." Yet McGill could also write warmly of "the acrid, nostalgic smell of wood burning beneath the weekly washday pots; the pine-and-oak smoke from chimneys of farmhouses fighting with the smell of wet-plowed earth."

Unlike many Southern liberals who wish to be judged by the enemies they make, McGill was pained by the hatred he drew. His mailbox and front yard were bombed and raked by rifle fire. Telephoned threats often awoke him throughout the night. Crosses were burned outside his home. Redneck politicians drew votes by railing against "Rastus McGill." "Red Ralph" (only a kaw-muh-nist talks like them!) and "those lyin' Atlanta papers." McGill could de-

editorial whip that the slipping newspaper needed. It is a measure of the man that the paper enjoyed a reputation far exceeding its merit only because Ralph McGill was there.

OPINION

L.B.J.'s Musings About the Media

Fully aware that what he was saying would not appear until he was out of office, Lyndon Johnson sat down last May and wrote his view of the press for the 1969 Britannica Book of the Year. The result, described by L.B.J. as "the musings of a man who has seen the press only from the open end of the gun barrel," is an intriguing blend of accusation, sympathy and self-reproach.

"Even given the special interest of political leaders," says Johnson, "there is now a serious imbalance in the reporting of news." He cited a "brilliant satire" written by Meg Greenfield of the Washington Post about the reporting of the 1968 election campaign:

Idealistic young people chanting "shut up and drop dead" were interrupted ten times by Vice President Humphrey. The interruptions were part of a speech which the youths charged had been "planned."

In much Washington reporting, Johnson complains, "policy may be distorted. Rumors of dark motives, or of unspecified dissent, may be given equal prominence with the expressed purposes of the Administration. Failure and conflict will certainly be emphasized."

While he concedes that reporters must point out the errors of public officials, he deems it unfair to blame Presidents for "everything from the generation gap to the price of bread." And he especially deplores "criticism of their character, in terms so stark that it makes them appear monsters who have imposed themselves on a helpless people."

Johnson admits "my inability to establish better rapport with the communications media. If I had it to do over again, I would try harder. My only stipulation would be an appeal to the news media to try harder also." He regrets that he did not hold more televised news conferences but claims that he averaged more informal, on-the-record press briefings than Eisenhower or Kennedy. He makes the valid point that these offer a chance to "explore questions in greater depth than in a televised spectacular."

As President, Johnson felt that he had a "fascination with the news," noting that he had three television screens in front of his desk, wire service machines behind it. Nixon has had them all moved out, but even so Johnson seems to foresee that the new President will also be affected by the tone of the news. He begs the press to treat Presidents more evenly—"instead of on a roller coaster that carried them from unreasonable heights at the beginning of their tenure to unreasonable depths once the honeymoon was over."



MCGLL

Hunting the wolves of hate.

test the ideas of his enemies, but not the men themselves, nor could those who got to know him fail to respect him. In the '30s and '40s McGill and Georgia's demagogic then-Governor Eugene Talmadge engaged in repeated public disputes, but Talmadge seriously asked McGill to write his biography—and McGill never could convince him of the suggestion's absurdity.

McGill is likely to be remembered as the most famous Southern editor since the Constitution's own Henry Grady pressed for the birth of a "New South" in the 1880s. Yet McGill, a Tennessee-born farm boy who always seemed embarrassed by his worldwide acclaim, preferred to think of himself as a reporter. Once a sportswriter, he later covered Hitler's invasion of Austria, the Nürnberg war-crime trials, 18 national political conventions—and he could also be seen scrambling through smoke-choked buildings on fire stories. Indeed, as the Constitution's editor, and particularly as its publisher since 1960, McGill proved too kindly to crack the



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The execution is different, but the concept is basically the same.

Both vehicles are very difficult to destroy.

However, the M-48 (at right) was built to withstand slightly meaner treatment than the Volvo 144 (at left).

As a result, the M-48 weighs in at 88,000 lbs. And for all its bulk, carries only three men—in extreme discomfort we might add.

It burns two gallons to the mile and won't go over 30 miles an hour.

In other words, it's a tank.

The Volvo, on the other hand, weighs in at just 2,600 lbs. And for all its lack of bulk, carries five men—in extreme comfort.

It gets substantially better gas mileage and will go fast enough to attract police cars. Which are faster but not as strong.

In other words, a Volvo is strong in the way a tank is strong and has strengths where a tank has weaknesses.

Just how strong is a Volvo?

You could stack eight Volvos, one on top of another, without disturbing the Volvo on the bottom. That's a total of 10 tons. Six steel pillars, boxed for maximum strength, support the roof. (It's ironic that Detroit calls cars with no steel pillars "hardtops," when in reality they're just the opposite.)

Each side of the Volvo body is made from one solid piece of steel. There are no weak points because there are no seams. In other parts of the body, where seams occur, 8,000 spot welds fuse them together.

It's this kind of construction that once led Car & Driver Magazine to make the following observation.

"...the Volvo is possibly the toughest vehicle

anywhere this side of the Aberdeen Proving Grounds and there is a growing legion of happy owners who will be glad to verify the point."

The Aberdeen Proving Grounds, incidentally, is where the Army tests tanks.

It even has armor-plating.

Volvo has a finish six coats thick. First the body is etched in zinc phosphate so the paint gets a vice-like grip on the metal. Then it's dunked in rustproofing primer. The body then gets one under-coat, one sealer coat and three color coats of baked enamel. 33 lbs. of protection in all.

It's because of this that you hear stories like this . . .

One day a friend of this writer told of an experience with a dent in the door of his Volvo. He had it repaired and noticed that the shop charged him a modest sum for body work but nothing for paint. Being honest, he raised the point. The body man explained that after banging out the dent, the paint was still undamaged—so there was no need for a re-paint!

A Volvo doesn't self-destruct in three years.

There is an obvious advantage in owning a car that's built like a Volvo. Once it's paid for, there's still something left to own.

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Of course, if you're not interested in adding money to your coffers, you can sell your Volvo after three years. And delight in how little you lose.

Volvos depreciate as slowly as they disintegrate.



MODERN LIVING

Hugh Hefner Faces Middle Age

THE rebellion of the middle-aged man is an American legend. He wakes up one morning and looks in the mirror—and there is a creased, faded, fuzzy carbon copy of the youth he once was. He is 40-odd, going to fat, bored with his job and his marriage. So—in the legend—he shaves, puts on his gaudiest tie, phones the boss to say he's not coming in, says so long to his wife, and walks off arm in arm with his mistress to find his soul.

Hugh M. Hefner is also an American legend. He is 42, and he is going through a change of life. But Hefner's *Playboy* empire has made him a millionaire 100 times over. He has no boss to bitch about, no wife to bore him, and he somewhat euphemistically claims to be "the biggest employer of beautiful women in the world." So what does he have to rebel against?

Popping Bennies. For one thing, a hang-up on work. A spasmodic, frenetic editor who refused to delegate authority, Hefner used to go on "work binges," during which he would labor for as long as 72 hours at a stretch, eating practically nothing, swigging Pepsi-Cola (25 a day) and popping bennies. "I developed a tremendous tolerance for amphetamines," he says. "My weight dropped from 175 lbs. to 135 lbs. It was a way of living not well calculated to be either lengthy or pleasant. I finally woke up to the fact that I had the world by the tail, and if I wanted to enjoy it, I'd better start taking care of myself."

Another Hefner hang-up is an almost Johnsonian concern for his place in history. As he told TIME Writer Charles Parmiter: "I would rather be me than, say, Richard Burton. Whatever I am is unique." Or: "I'm sure that I

will be remembered as one significant part of our time: We live in a period of rapid sociological change, and I am on the side of the angels." That concern was reflected in his joy at receiving a letter from the Chicago Historical Society, asking him to preserve his correspondence and memorabilia for its archives. And it was underscored by his chagrin last August when he ventured out of the mansion to watch the rioting during the Democratic National Convention and got rapped across the butt by a cop who failed to recognize one of the town's biggest taxpayers. As part of his change of life, Hefner wants to be recognized and loved.

Flying Womb. Being recognized first requires being seen—and the spanking convinced longtime recluse Hefner that he must widen his horizons. He began by widening his lapels off came the bathrobes and cardigan sweaters, on went \$15,000 worth of Edwardian suits from Chicago Tailor George Mashbitz. He quit taking amphetamines, started getting six or eight hours of sleep every day, worked out on a slant board and an exercise bicycle, and gradually built his weight back up to 175 lbs. He turned most of the day-to-day operation of his enterprises over to subordinates, and made travel plans—a tour of the Orient, a safari in Africa, Carnival in Rio, New Year's in Monaco.

Travel has always been a problem for Hefner, who speaks no foreign languages and got so nervous ("Call it womb sickness") on his only previous trip to Europe that he fled back to Chicago after a week. This time he plans to do it right. Moving along the production line at McDonnell Douglas Corp. is a \$5,000,000 "stretched" version of the DC-9, already painted black,

"My big black mother in the sky," Hef calls it. A regular DC-9 jetliner can carry 115 passengers; Hefner's will seat 50 and sleep 15—or maybe 16, if there are two in the elliptical bed in Hef's own compartment. The compartment, which also boasts a stereo console, a movie screen and a step-down Roman bath, is reached through a special entrance in the underside of the plane.

Similarly symbolic of Hefner's desire for self-exposure is his appearance on television as host of *Playboy After Dark*, a new 26-week variety series that so far has been syndicated in 23 cities. Filmed at the CBS-TV studios in Hollywood on a special \$35,000 set that includes a den, living room and rumpus room, *PAD* pretends to be an impromptu party, just Hef and 39 close friends (20 girls, 19 guys) turning on for the turners-in. "Actually, there are two purposes behind the show," says Hefner. "One is to force me to change my life style, to do it, I had to get out of my mansion and go to Los Angeles. The other is to show the public that Hugh Hefner does not have horns. Fame is as meaningful to me as fortune."

Whether he stands to gain either out of *PAD* is debatable—because as an actor, Hefner makes a pretty good magazine publisher. He stands there woodily in his tux and clapped-on bow tie, clutching a blonde model who is dressed in a yellow piece of chiffon stuck together with three safety pins. The model also acts a little camera-shy, probably because she has no bra on. "Good evening," huffs Hef. "I'm Hugh Hefner. Welcome to the party." On one typical show the two comic acts were Shari Lewis, a ventriloquist who looks like a *Playboy* bunny, and a duo called Yvonne Wilder and Jack Colvin—a sort of Skid Row Mike Nichols and Elaine May. The singers were Buddy Greco and Johnny Janis. Janis made history of sorts by being the first singer to perform at the Chicago Playboy Club, an honor from which he has never quite recov-



MODEL AND PLANS OF HEFNER'S PLANE

Heading for heaven in his own way.



H.M.H. AFTER DARK

TELEVISION

ered. For cerebral chatter, there was Columnist Max Lerner, an old friend of Hef's. The conversation turned out badly. For one thing, Hef's cue-card questions ("Max, what about the sexual revolution? Jack and Yvonne just illustrated for us . . . ? You've been calling for it for years. How do you like the way it's developing?") were shallow and awkward and Max was fairly addled. No wonder. Max may be 66, but he sat there looking for all the world like a man who is being teased to death, directly between a delicious Negro model in a low-cut dress and an extraordinarily endowed Playmate. During a break, Lerner was asked what he thought of the show. Said Max: "Some of my readers won't believe me when they see me sitting next to that girl. I think they put her next to me on purpose."

Quickeening Stride. Criticism of *PAD* rolls right off Hefner's back. "I know how good the show is," he says. "It's better than the *Johnny Carson Show* or the *Joey Bishop Show*, and I do a better job hosting than Ed Sullivan does." He is so convinced that the show will be a success (and indeed, the ratings have been remarkably good) that he is already planning 26 more for next season, intends to expand *Playboy's* TV and movie operations. He is talking about buying a Hollywood studio.

He can afford one. While in many ways *Playboy* has become a bore—it seems more and more a triumph of distinctive packaging around a predictable product—the magazine sells 5,500,000 copies a month. The April issue will set an all-time record with almost \$3,500,000 in advertising. The 17 Playboy Clubs and the Playboy resort hotels in Jamaica and Lake Geneva, Wis., have been so successful that plans are in the works for at least three new clubs, plus resorts in New Jersey, Nevada, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, Mexico and Spain. Hefner's empire earned him and his very few fellow stockholders \$6,868,165 last year, after taxes. But for all his alchemical talent, Hefner's enthusiasm for business seems to be waning. "When a man is in his 40s," he says, "he realizes that there are only so many years in which to do certain things. I have decided that putting my philosophy in book form can wait until I'm 60." Thank God for that.

In the meantime, there are places to go, things to see, and girls to meet. "Everyone should have the right to go to heaven or hell in his own way," he says. Hefner himself is trying for heaven. What is more, the mass producer of plastic-wrapped sex, the purveyor of pop hedonism, the great anti-Puritan who is out to make every square feel that he too can be a swinger, is looking for a heaven less in the style of *Playboy* than the *Saturday Evening Post*. "You know," says Hef wistfully, "in the next ten years I would rather meet a girl and fall in love and have her fall in love with me than make another hundred million dollars." He really means it, or thinks he does.

PROGRAMMING

From Beautiful Downtown Nowhere

Weird electronic music. A psychedelic title card. And then, the opening scene of ABC's new "second season" show, *Turn-On*. Two computer operators, one white and one black, sit with their backs to the camera facing a madly flashing IBM 360, or something. Says black to white, "I've never programmed a program before." He must be the only second-season TV man in Hollywood who hasn't. By last week, eight midseason replacement shows had made their de-

billed as a "sometimes biting" satirical revue. "We plan to kick the door wide open," the producers promised. Then they closed it by hiring as host Disney Star Dean Jones (*That Darn Cat*), and by laying on a premiere as topical as Early Berle, as substantial as tapiocks. They struck body blows at Shirley Temple movies and George M. Cohan musicals. A chorus boy wore a huge paper-mâché Richard Nixon head. Midfinale, Jones apologized "if we've offended anybody," and the cast broke into *This Land Is My Land*.

The *Glen Campbell Goodtime Hour* (CBS) is a revival of the summer-substitute show starring Cityville Singer Campbell (TIME, Jan. 31). Comic Paulausen usually pops in, and the result is pleasantly unobjectionable. Particularly refreshing is the lack of over-production numbers and the lighting psychadelia now in vogue. The same could not be said of *This Is Tom Jones* (ABC), a variety bill headlined by Welsh baritone in the soul bag. Jones' version of soul is three parts sweat and a half-part swivel. On the premiere, he was finished off by his continuity writers, lusterless Songstress Joey Heatherton, and Comic Richard Pryor, whose contribution was a tasteless impression of a Negro preacher.

Even more painful is *The Queen and I* (CBS), a situation comedy whose plot is *Bilko* at sea. Very much at sea—the Queen being an ocean liner headed for mothballs. Keeping it afloat is a moronic purser (Larry Storch), whose schemes, like eating bar mitzvah import, are always being thwarted by the prissy first officer (Billy De Wolfe). The boat is shipshape; the gags are strictly for the scrapyard. Sheldon Leonard, producer with, as they say, a good track record (*The Dick Van Dyke Show*, *Psy*), has brought in a very usual and save-void crime series called *My Friend Tony* (NBC). He may have undone himself in attempting to reduce the violence. The hero is a stodgy professor of criminology (James Whitmore); his inevitable sidekick, Tony (Enzo Cerusico), is a cross between Kookie of *77 Sunset Strip* and Chester of *Gunsmoke*. He doesn't limp like Chester; he just trips a lot over his Italian accent.

The remaining replacement series are game shows. *The Generation Gap* from David Susskind's Talent Associates, pits a team of three teen-agers against a trio of adults. The kids, if turned out, could not identify Eddie Cantor or the FCC. The foeges didn't know an "axe" (a guitar) from a hole in the ground. Mostly the show just proved that people who appear on such programs have an intelligence gap. Finally, ABC is adding a prime-time version of *Let's Make a Deal*, the afternoon show in which hysterical housewives bid against each other for what may be a pig (or a silk purse) in a poke. This year's second season has already played the game, and lost.



SCENE FROM "TURN-ON"

Pigs in pokes, and some silk purses.

but, and they all looked like print-outs from a stuck computer.

Turn-On itself, produced by the originators of *Laugh-In*, looked like a half-hour reject from the Rowan and Martin memory bank. The host was neither Dan nor Dick but a computer, for the show was supposed to be "a satire on our dehumanized society." It was also intended as a "sensory assault," careening along, sometimes with the screen split four ways, reaching for a dizzying 300 laughs in a half hour. To add to the disorientation, the set was a white plaster cyclorama and the cast wore invisible white booties. It all seemed to come from beautiful downtown nowhere. So did the gags, leaning largely on contraception and homosexuality. In response to critics' and affiliates' protest, the network cancelled this week's episode and called a weekend meeting "to determine the future of *Turn-On*."

Coming in on lighter, unbooted feet was *What's It All About, World?* (ABC). From the same shop that created the Smothers Brothers show, the series was

The insomniac's guide to Paris.



le Voyage par Air France

It's your time of day. The sun's gone down, the night has come to life and so have you. Especially in Paris, where life after dark is like nowhere else on earth. We'll fly you here on one of our lively overnight flights—and give you plenty to amuse you along the way. We'll serve you appetizers to pick up your appetite, and a glorious meal to satisfy it. We'll show you a movie* and let you listen to music while everyone else grabs forty winks. And as the sun rises, and you drink your coffee au lait and eat your warm croissant, you'll arrive in Paris—where no one can show you what's up better than we can, hour by hour any night of the week. We know where you're going.

Minuit

Midnight in Paris. Very chic for dinner. Many of the city's more interesting restaurants serve until two in the morning. Here are some of them:

Espadon Grill 38, rue Cambon in the Ritz Hotel. Cold buffet after midnight.
Haynes 3, rue Clauzel. Soul food served up by the best-known American in Paris, *Edgar Haynes*.
La Colombe 4, rue de la Colombe. Charming candlelit restaurant on the *St-Louis*.

Paprika 14, rue Chaussee. Hungarian cuisine.
Le Table du Mandarin 4, rue de l'Échelle. Chinese.
Les Iles Marquises 15, rue de la Gaite. The oysters and the rabbit stew here used to delight *Edith Piaf*. Open until 3, so you can linger over coffee.)

Une heure

One a.m. Time for the late show at the *Lido* 78, Champs-Elysées and the *Moulin Rouge* on the Place Pigalle. Other boîtes devoted to the appreciation of the female form, and open until all hours, are:

Black Jack 13, rue Vivien
Lucky Strip 4, rue Arsène

Houssay

Tahar's Place Pigalle

You'll find more conventional entertainment (up until 1 o'clock) at *Bowling de Paris* in the Jardin d'Acclimation, Bois de Boulogne. Ten alleys, very smart clientele. *Bowling de la Matene* 226, ave. de la République. Sixteen alleys and a panoramic view of the city. *Excel Max* 182, quai de Boulainvilliers. Sixteen alleys and an enthusiastic young crowd.

If you're not the athletic sort but are looking for excitement anyway, you may find it playing Paris' latest night-time rage: miniature car racing. *The Complexe Auteuil Loisirs Techniques* 20, rue Erlanger, boasts along with its very imposing name—the largest race course in Europe. (Very modest but every bit as thrilling) *Miniland* at 57, rue de Seine or 52, rue Mazarine.

Deux heures

Dance the night away at the one and only, the original *Whiskey à 20-40-50*, 10, rue Beaujolais, the place where it all began. All Paris discotheques stay open until they feel like closing; where history was made: *The Vodka* 1, rue St-Séverin, caters to a very basic Parisian crowd! *Le Bal des Anglais*, 6, rue des Anglais, is popular with Americans who really know how to dance. You can sway to West Indian rhythms at *La Cabane Antilope* 20, rue Duranton, or amid the elegant trappings of the *Club de l'Étoile* 4, ave. Victor-Hugo.

Trois heures

Part like discothèques, close in Paris when the last customer calls it

a night—or a day, as the case may be. You'll find wide-awake company at *Harry's Bar* 5, rue Danube, much of it English-speaking (which can be comforting in the morning). Despite its fame, Harry's is still one of the most sympathetic bars in Paris—for Parisians as well as for Americans. There's a cave down stairs where a pianist prompts the nostalgic musing so appropriate to this hour.

Other lively spots

Aux Cinq Billards 20, rue Montmartre. Practice your French here with the local socialists.

Les Petits Paeds 4, rue Bernard-Palissy. Intellectual debates, intellectual gossip.

Rosebud 18bis, ave. Delambre, where theater and artistic folk come for chili and grills. (Named after the dying words of Citizen Kane.)

Ascol 66, rue Pierre-Charron. A charming bar, with delightful piano music.

Quatre heures

A terrible hour usually, the hour when some innocents call it quits and others catch their second wind. If you decide to give in, pick up some sleeping pills at an all-night pharmacy.

Pharmacie Première 24, blvd. de Sébastopol.

Pronto! 8, place Blanche

Or pick up some cold cuts and beer at *Gagneron* 26, blvd. de Clichy (open until 3:30 every night but Monday); go back to your hotel and call *Mystic* 3663-26. By the time you've finished your snack, he may be there to hypnotize you into a trance-like sleep. (\$30 for a two-and-a-half-hour session.) Talking up to your problem?

Cinq heures

Catch a jazz session at the *Living Room* 25, rue du Colisée, with some of the city's finest jazz musicians. Parisians or, like you, sleepless visitors. Or gaze what's happening at *La Calavadas* 40, ave. Pierre-le-Grand, Sèvres, where you can have an omelet or sandwich while you dig the music.

If you want the food but not the jazz, stop in at *Chez Proust* 69, rue des Martyrs, open around the clock and unknown even by most people who live here. Enjoy a marvelous foie gras or an even better cassoulet (beans, pork and sausage)—a hearty and sleep-inducing way to end your day.

Six heures

Comes the dawn. Watch it break from the steps of *Sacré Coeur*, looking south over the city from the top of Montmartre. Or looking west from the Panthéon as the light catches the dome of the Invalides. Wander through the Tuilleries Gardens as the sky turns rosy. Or sit in the Square

René Viviani beside the Seine, and see the sun rise behind the towers of *Notre Dame*. Anywhere in the city is a perfect place to welcome the new day—except the Eiffel Tower, which doesn't open until 10:45—long after your bedtime, unfortunately.

Numéros de téléphone

To join the sleepless crowd in Paris, call your travel agent. Or Air France.

New York, 656-6000.

Boston, 482-4890.

Chicago, 782-6181.

Washington, 327-8711.

Los Angeles, 625-7171.

San Francisco, 982-7150.

Miami, 279-6444.

*Stereo and movies by *Indigo Motion Pictures* available at nominal cost.





TRILOKNATH TEMPLE IN MANDI, INDIA

ART

STYLES

Perilous Pilgrimage

In a hundred ages of the gods, I could not tell thee of the glories of the Himalayas.

—The Puranas,
Scriptures of Ancient India

The dizzying glories of the Himalayan peaks and gorges have long been celebrated, but few outsiders realized that, tucked away in monasteries and temples, the Himalayas harbored other glories—those of a strangely distinctive art. Scholars knew that Himalayan art was an offshoot of the Indian tradition, centered on the Buddhist and Hindu pantheon of deities. But what they knew was mostly by repute, since few had the physical stamina or the political entrée necessary to reach the remote valleys and high plateaus where the monasteries and temples were lodged.

Now, to the delight of armchair travelers and art historians alike, an Indian art expert and career diplomat named Madanjeet Singh has accomplished what other scholars could not. With official and sympathetic help from all the governments concerned, Singh made 35 treks into the remotest regions of the Himalayas. His book, *Himalayan Art*, has just been published by UNESCO, the first volume in its Art Books series. It contains a photographic record (see color opposite) that for the first time reveals Himalayan painting and sculpture in all its sequestered splendor.

Cloistered Valleys. To his task, Singh brought unique qualifications. His uncle had been court painter to the Maharajah of Kashmir. From his youth, Singh himself had been enchanted by the graceful ancient sculptures of India, photographed them assiduously even

as he studied for a diplomatic career. Later, in his diplomatic role, he accompanied the late Jawaharlal Nehru on a visit to Ladakh and there saw paintings and sculptures that few outsiders had ever seen before; and he had comparable luck in Nepal, Bhutan and Sikkim. The divergence from traditional Indian art fascinated him.

Taking a year's leave of absence from his diplomatic post in Madrid, Singh set out to record the art of the whole Himalayan region. Most crucial to his success was a letter from the Dalai Lama—he carried it “like a magic wand.” It authorized him to photograph inside Hindu and Buddhist temples, which is ordinarily prohibited. By mule, Jeep, helicopter and on foot, across dizzying rope bridges, up perilous footpaths, he scaled heights that literally took his breath away. Once he narrowly escaped death when he slipped and fell, only to catch a sturdy bush ten feet down the mountainside. An equally unnerving incident occurred when he was forced to descend from a 13,500-ft. pass in a blinding snowstorm at night, while rocks exploded all around from the swift temperature change.

The 7,000 photographs of manuscripts, sculptures and paintings he brought back demonstrate that in the isolation of thousands of cloistered valleys, Himalayan artists developed a magnificence and mystery of their own. “The visual diversity of Himalayan art is incredibly wide,” says Singh. “The sculptures are carved in all forms of relief, and in painting the variety of colors is equally rich. But to find the leitmotif,” he adds, “one must look beyond its incidental stylistic, mythological, ritualistic and legendary associations, toward the majestic silvery peaks symbolizing primeval ideals.”

Skulls and Symbolism. One of the most striking symbols of the mountains that Singh discovered was the “Lord of the Soil.” Shiva. A flaming trident of gold surmounting a silver sculpture of a skull, it stands poised against the blue Himalayan skies atop the famed Kye monastery in India's Spiti Valley. As the all-seeing Divine Yogi of the Himalayas, Shiva is the most commonly portrayed deity, but he appears in many forms. Perhaps Singh's favorite Shiva image was a painted five-headed stone sculpture in a temple at Mandi. “Entering the temple,” he recalls, “I vaguely saw what looked like a lump of snow. As I got used to the darkness, the image began to take shape, and gradually the red eyes emerged, like the early rays of the sun. In conveying the atmosphere of the snow-covered peaks and Shiva's identity with them, the artist was triumphantly successful.”

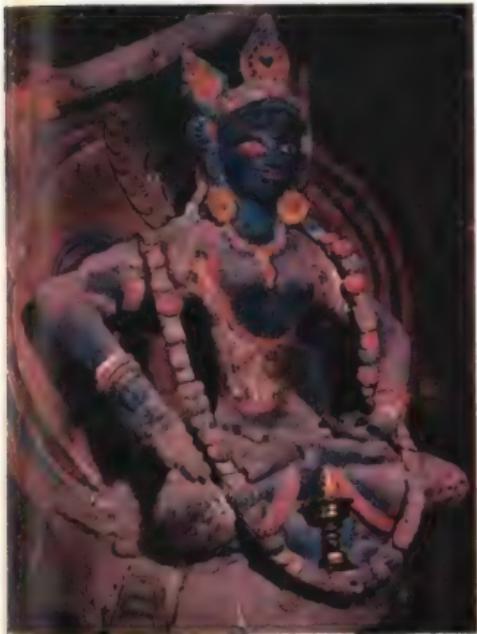
Such horrific visages, Singh found, were particularly prevalent in the desolate Lahaul and Spiti valleys, inspired perhaps by the rugged peaks, which assume all manner of threatening features in the changing light of the day. Farther north in glacier-spotted Ladakh, the graceful refinements of neighboring Kashmir were evident. Poking around in one of Ladakh's most ancient shrines one day, Singh stumbled upon an exquisitely poised statue of a goddess whose blue-black features rendered her almost invisible in the darkness. To capture the delicate flowers in each ear and bring out her supple volumes, he placed a ritual oil lamp in her lap.

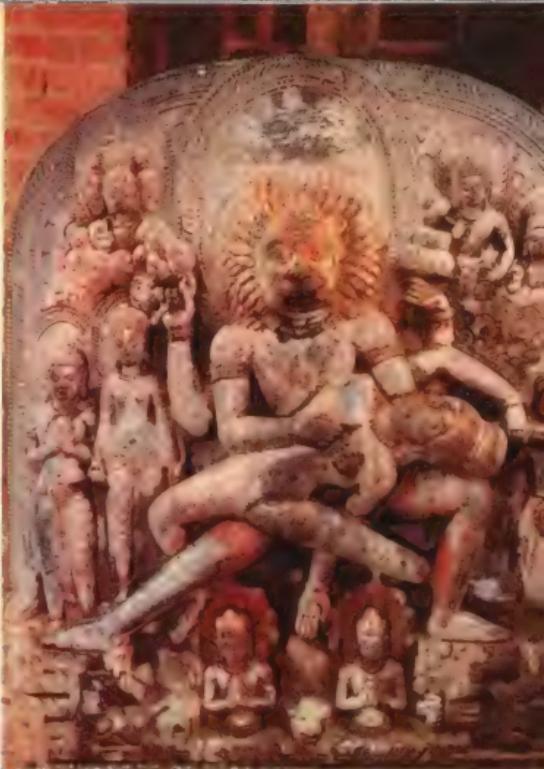
Gods and Terror. In Nepal, Himalayan art reached a greater sophistication. The emerald valley of Katmandu—set among wild gorges at the foot of Mount Everest—abounded in lively hybrids combining human and animal forms. A spectacularly demonic example, Singh found, was the boar-shaped incarnation of Vishnu smeared with red ochre. The carving of Vishnu as a lion, from a later period, testifies to the ability of Nepalese carvers to twist brittle stone into sinuous shapes.

It is not surprising that the art of people who spend their lives in the shadow of groaning glaciers and descending avalanches proves to be considerably cruder in feeling and execution than its more refined Indian counterpart. Moreover, local artists freely improvised their own versions of the deities. This is especially common in Bhutan, where monasteries reserve a small dark room, called a *Goinkhang*, to display animal skins and teeth, as well as the remains of sacrificial victims or enemies. In one such gloomy cell, Singh found the fearsome wall painting representing the “Wheel of Existence.” Though wholly unsophisticated, it is as terrifying as a Dantesque hell with its misshapen witches, demons, monsters and wincing sinners. It is this peculiar penchant for the grotesque—in contrast to the elegance of Indian styles—that gives Himalayan art its unique power.

the BRUTAL glories of the himalayas

Amid the towering Himalayas, monks have for centuries graven icons and covered temple walls with murals whose savage splendor echoes both their faith, a fanciful combination of Buddhism and Hinduism known as Vajrayana, and the brutality of their windswept surroundings. Typical of the sinuous Kashmiri style is a 12th century consort, or Shakti, of the Buddha (*below*). Symbols of Shiva, a trident and skull, are incorporated into a kind of mountain herm called a "Lord of the Soil" atop a monastery, 12,400 ft. high in the Punjab region of India (*upper right*). Shiva is also portrayed with five faces as the all-seeing Divine Yogi in one massive, red-eyed 14th century grotesque from Himachal Pradesh (*lower right*).





In Nepal, the temple artists focused on brutish human-animal forms. One blunt 5th century Nepalese statue shows Vishnu, in the form of a boar, slaying the demon Hiranyaksha (*above*). A later, more sophisticated Nepalese stone carving portrays Vishnu, in his incarnation as man-lion, tearing apart a demon-king (*right*). Grimacing at the prospect of being eaten by a swinish monster, a sinner writhes (*below*) in a detail from a 17th century Bhutanese mural.



GALLERIES

How to Attend an Opening

Consider the middle-income Manhattan executive, say, who is invited to attend the weekday-evening *vernisage* of his favorite nephew, an artist. He thinks he is entering the charmed circle of bohemian. He finds himself in a small upstairs room where dozens of people exactly like himself are sipping watery punch and gabbling uneasily. His only consolation is that the room is so crowded that he can't see the pictures.

Actually, his nephew's kind of opening is as out of date as *The Moon and Sixpence*. The openings that today's most authentic bohemians frequent take place on a Saturday, and during regular gallery hours. The dealer serves no drinks. The public is welcome, even solicited with an ad in Saturday's Times. But the "public" that comes consists largely of artists, collectors, curators, critics, and miscellaneous chums.

Rituals and Taboos. They are all part of the New York art scene—an open-minded society. Said Louis Iannanbaum, a Wall Street stockbroker who was making the rounds of the galleries last Saturday with his wife Linda: "My great discovery was that you didn't have to be invited to a Saturday opening. You don't have to know anybody. All you do is talk to one person at a gallery, and he'll say, 'Have you been to such and such an opening? That's your next stop."

Starting the conversation takes a knack. For, like any inbred subculture, the art world has its own rituals and taboos. Dealers, of course, are always happy to talk to a stranger on the theory that he or she may turn out to be a customer. Unfortunately, so many well-known collectors pound the pavements on Saturday afternoons that the amateur buyer is apt to be abandoned in the middle of a price list. Artists giving a show can be approached easily enough by way of a compliment, preferably sincere. After that, the ball must be kept rolling to produce the desired results. Technical questions are usually safest, for example, "Tell me, Mr. Barnard, which particular shades of Dutch Boy house paints did you use?"

For the beginner, it is well to remember that art-world habitués eat, sleep and breathe art, even though most of them cannot afford to cover their walls with it (especially the many art students and part-time art teachers). Thus they are accustomed to staring earnestly at even the looniest creations. Remarks like "Is this some sort of a put-on?" instantly brand anyone as an outsider.

Flight Pattern. Last week in Manhattan, no fewer than seven major exhibitions opened on Saturday. The crowds that cruised through them followed an invisible but well-defined flight pattern either up or down Madison Avenue between 79th and 57th Streets. Clothes counted, but not much. Folk over 35 preferred the "expensive square"

look; Italian tailoring for the men, boots and casual furs for the wives. The younger element went in for "proletarian mod"—long hair, long coats and long pants on the girls, 19th century haircuts, leather jackets and blue jeans for the men.

Look and Listen. Peak hour, when good friends gathered to greet one another, was around 4 p.m.—a time when the newcomer might be well advised to gaze raptly at the art and keep his ears open. Indisputably, the most rewarding place to do both last week was the brand-new Lawrence Rubin Gallery on West 57th Street. Sometime Paris Dealer Rubin had lured a gilt-edged stable of color-field abstractionists away from other dealers. The walls of his gallery were ablaze with the rainbow hues of Frank

their heels. "He'll never sell *that*," cried Apple. "Beautiful!"

No one, in fact, makes better use of open openings than other artists. Abstract painters check into the techniques of figure painters, and vice versa. Malcolm Morley, whose bag is photographic realism, lingered at the Fischbach Gallery to admire Allan D'Arcangelo's smashing bold black-and-white striped abstractions. Elder statesmen lend their prestige to young hopefuls. Robert Rauschenberg looked in at the Castelli Gallery to bestow his benison on a brash, new California satirist named Richard Pettibone, who had assembled an "Andy Warhol retrospective" out of miniature copies of Warhol soup cans and Brillo boxes.

There the crowd was young and ex-



RUBIN RIGHT SURVEYING OPENING

The amateur is apt to be abandoned in the middle of a price list.



BEVERLY PEPPER

Stella and Morris Louis, Kenneth Noland and Jules Olitski.

The crowd on the gallery floor was just as many-splendored. Among artists, Larry Poons put in an appearance, as did Lucas Samaras and Christo. Critic Clement Greenberg was there, as were Collectors S. Carter Burden Jr. and Richard Brown Baker. Yet an eavesdropper might have heard one artist confiding: "There's a strange cloud hanging over us this year. It's keeping all of us from producing."

At the super-cool Dwan Gallery, Hilary Apple, who works only in neon, could be heard declaring his rapture over the "non-sites" displayed by Robert Smithson. "Fantastic!" cried this artist of light, contemplating bare metal bins filled with chunks of coal and gypsum. Why? "Because it's not for sale! That's what art ought to be. You can't merchandise it. There! You see?" He pointed at two mods tramping across a "non-site" made from mirrors set on the gallery floor, with gravel piled atop them. The mirror splintered beneath

uberant. Someone observed that the big spenders were at Larry Rubin's. "We just need middle-sized spenders," purred Castelli, diplomatically ignoring a peace pipe being passed about the room in back of him.

Fortunately for Rome-based Beverly Pepper, her sedate Marlborough-Gerson Gallery still believes in evening openings. Hence, she was able to summon an elegant gathering on Friday night to drink real liquor and view her gleaming, stainless-steel sculptures. The wall-to-wall gathering included Authors Gore Vidal and A. E. Hotchner, Sculptress Marisol and Director Sidney Lumet. Then, on the following Saturday, the gallery was able to charge \$1.50 to all the usual Saturday visitors for an "Italian orphans' benefit." Only the promise of a suitable benefit had enabled Beverly to persuade New York's striking longshoremen to remove her sculpture from the ship's hold in time for the opening. "I felt like I was in the *Perils of Pauline*," she said, "lying on the tracks with the train bearing down on me."

THE LAW

BAIL

Preventive Detention

President Nixon's suggestion that "preventive detention" would be one good remedy for crime in the District of Columbia met with sharply divided reaction on Capitol Hill. West Virginia's Democratic Senator Robert Byrd applauded the idea of pretrial jailing of accused criminals thought likely to break the law while out on bail. "Unless we have a safe society," said Byrd, "we are not going to have a free society." But North Carolina Democrat Sam Ervin Jr., a member of the powerful Senate Judiciary Committee and usually no supporter of libertarian causes, was incensed. Preventive detention, he said, is "inconsistent with a free society."

Unfair to the Poor. The argument has, in fact, been raging for several years. In 1966, Congress passed the Bail Reform Act, which enables federal judges to release a man without bail when a check into his background indicates that he can be counted on not to run away before his trial. But a large number of those freed on bail (estimates in different studies vary from 8% to 45%) have become repeaters even before they come to trial. Some felons, say the authorities, rob a second time in order to pay a lawyer to defend them on the first charge. Others, believing that they will get concurrent sentences anyway (meaning that they can serve both sentences at the same time), figure that they have nothing to lose from another burglary.

Defenders of the Bail Reform Act point out that money bail has always been unfair to the poor. The original aim of bail was only to assure that a man would show up for his trial, and al-

though the Constitution forbids excessive bail, judges commonly set high figures for many crimes. The result is a form of preventive detention for the poor man who does not have the cash or credit to pay. Pretrial jailing not only punishes a man who may be innocent, but effectively prevents him from working to pay for his defense. Moreover, studies have shown that when a man has been locked up before his trial, he is more likely to be convicted and get a higher sentence.

Because the bail system discriminates against the poor, Italy, Denmark and Sweden do not employ it. In all three nations, however, magistrates have the power to detain a man after his arrest. In Italy, lawyers have protested that too many persons are imprisoned for long periods and, if they are later declared innocent, may not recover damages for false imprisonment. Even in Britain, where a man may obtain his release by merely promising to pay bail, judges have broad power to lock up persons whom they consider dangerous. That such a system can be abused has been dramatically demonstrated by South Africa, where the ruling white minority may imprison for an indefinite time persons accused of "terrorist activities."

Police State? The possibility of letting violent men loose on bail to repeat their crimes is abhorrent to most citizens. But constitutional experts agree that to keep an accused person in prison because of a judge's belief that he may commit a crime while at liberty could very well violate the due-process clause of the Fifth Amendment. Jim Martin, president of the Dallas County Criminal Bar Association, calls it "most certainly the first step toward a police state." Harold Greene, Chief Judge of the capital's Court of

General Sessions, is among those who argue that it is impossible to identify repeat offenders beforehand with any reasonable accuracy. Greene claims that judges would have to detain "eight, ten or perhaps more suspects who would not commit crimes while out on bail in order to be sure to keep off the streets the one defendant who will."

One reason for the problem is crowded court calendars. In the District of Columbia, for example, it takes at least ten months to bring a man to trial. And the longer the accused is free, the stronger the chance that he will be arrested again. Senator Ervin has argued that if the time between arrest and trial lasted only from six to eight weeks, there would be no clamor for preventive detention. Even those who favor the idea believe a man should be detained for only a limited time—which would mean that the courts would have to provide quicker trials anyway.

Another possible solution is closer supervision of those who are released. This tactic was endorsed last year by the American Bar Association, which called on the courts to set curfews for certain defendants, to require them to report regularly to court officers and to prohibit them from carrying a weapon or other acts that might bring trouble. The Vera Institute of Justice, a non-profit research group seeking to modernize legal procedures, started a trend away from money bail in Manhattan, is now offering job training and counseling to some of those who are released on their own word.

Alternative Remedies. When a man points the terms of his release, the A.B.A. agrees it would be reasonable to detain him. But the A.B.A. has avoided endorsing preventive detention in general, because "measures short of detention have never been tested."

President Nixon may be well advised to look into alternative remedies before he presents his legislation on preventive detention to Congress. In view of the delicate constitutional issues involved, the Administration could wait to see if any other approach will work before prescribing a variety of prevention that, in some ways, may turn out to be worse than the problem itself.

APPEALS

Victory for the Scientologists

Food and Drug Administration agents who raided the headquarters of an organization known as the Founding Church of Scientology six years ago confiscated neither food nor drugs. Instead, they carted off books, pamphlets, and a collection of electronic gadgets called E-meters. In court, the Government said that the literature had made misleading statements about the machines' curative powers and had thus violated the federal law against improper labeling. A federal jury agreed. Last week, however, the U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington, D.C., reversed that decision. Until the Government can refute the



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claim that Scientology is a religion, said the court, the E-meters and their accompanying leaflets are protected from seizure by the right of freedom of worship—which puts them beyond the reach of the FDA.

Scientology's founder, L. Ron Hubbard, 57, is an evangelist who contends that his E-meters can not only detect unhealthy habit patterns that he calls "engrams," but can also pick up subtle emanations from such inanimate objects as a tomato (TIME, Aug. 23). As part of the "audit," a person holds two soup cans that are connected to the E-meter, a crude galvanometer that supposedly translates slight variations in voltage into a measurement of emotional reaction. The interviews, which are conducted by trained Scientologists, sound



"AUDITING" WITH AN E-METER
The equivalent of Scripture.

like a cross between psychoanalysis and an encounter with a Zen master, all in the language of computer technology. To reach an advanced stage of enlightenment may cost a believer as much as \$15,000 for tuition, equipment and lodgings at Scientology centers.

In the decision, Judge J. Skelly Wright pointed out that, from the Scientologists' point of view, the "auditing or processing is a central practice of their religion, akin to confession in the Catholic Church." Furthermore, said Wright, Scientology's leaders claim that the E-meter is not used to diagnose or treat physical disease. They insist that they are treating the spirit, and through the spirit, hope to cure the body.

In the absence of proof to the contrary, said Wright, the literature accompanying the E-meters must be treated as Scripture. To bolster his opinion, Judge Wright pointed out that Hubbard's organization is incorporated as a church in the District of Columbia and that its ministers are even qualified to perform marriages and burial rites.

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MARRIED. Arndt von Bohlen und Halbach, 31, scion of the Krupp steel corporation who receives an allowance of \$500,000 a year as a quitclaim on the empire founded by his great-great-grandfather; and Princess Henriette von Auersperg, 35, elegant blonde daughter of one of Austria's oldest (13th century) houses; both for the first time; in a civil ceremony in Blühnbach castle, former retreat of Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand, whose assassination triggered World War I.

Divorced. By George Balanchine, 63, master choreographer and artistic director of the New York City Ballet Company for 20 years; Tamara Lebedeva, 39, one-time prima ballerina who, after becoming Balanchine's fifth wife, was forced to give up dancing forever when she contracted polio in Copenhagen in 1956; on uncontested grounds of incompatibility; after 16 years of marriage; no children; in Juárez, Mexico.

Died. Conrad ("Nicky") Hilton Jr., 42, a director of his father's 41-national hotel chain and inveterate playboy, who in 1950 became the first husband of an 18-year-old super-starlet named Elizabeth Taylor, was divorced by her after nine months and later remarried only once; of a heart attack; in West Los Angeles, Calif.

Died. Thelma Ritter, 63, Brooklyn-born character actress; of a heart attack; in Jamaica, N.Y. Her voice was purest Greenpoint gravel and her visage was forever screwed into the city dweller's skeptical query: "Who ya trying to kid, buster?" She began her career as she once put it, on the road as "an obnoxious child actress—the poor man's Cornelie Otis Skinner." She married in 1927 and settled into domesticity but in 1946 resumed her career in *Miracle on 34th Street*, portraying an irate mother haranguing a Macy's Santa Claus. Her sad face and sagging form soon became familiar screen fixtures. She was nominated for an Oscar as Bette Davis' wryly sagacious maid in *All About Eve*, for the tart relief she brought to such confections as *The Maturing Season* (1951) and *Pillow Talk* (1959) and for three other roles, but never won the award. Said Thelma: "I'm the William Jennings Bryan of acting."

Died. Alfred Tafiaferro, 63, former Walt Disney cartoonist who in 1938 conjured up a splenetic duck named Donald whose quackpot rages have delighted generations of children and earned untold millions for Disney's dominions; of cancer; in Los Angeles.

Died. Ralph McGill, 70, Pulitzer-prize-winning editorial writer and publisher of the Atlanta Constitution (see THE PRESS).

Died. Li Tsung-jen, 78, opportunistic Chinese general who fought with Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang forces against both the Communists and the Japanese, was elected Vice President of the tottering Chinese Republic in 1948, and after serving briefly as President, exiled himself to the U.S. in 1949 before defecting to Communist China; after a long illness; in Peking.

Died. Boris Karloff, 81, whose frightening portrayals of monsters and murderers chilled audiences for nearly half a century; of heart and lung disease; in Midhurst, England. Despite his sarcophagus glare, sanguinary deeds and voice from the tomb, Karloff terrified with a twinkle. "The idea of terror," he once said, "is to make the audience's hair stand on end, not to make them lose their breakfast." Off-screen, the British-born actor was a warm, witty, twice-married man who looked every inch the career diplomat that his father, a civil servant, wanted him to be. In 1931, after 15 years of minor parts, Karloff created his classic monster in *Frankenstein*. The creature with the mindless eyes, the scar-seamed cheeks and the ruthless, jutting forehead helped the movie to gross millions (on a cost of only \$250,000) and spawned equally lucrative successors (*Bride of Frankenstein*, *Son of Frankenstein*). Critics praised him for the breadth of talent he displayed within the confines of archetype-casting: the ultimate Yellow Peril in *The Mask of Fu Manchu* (1932); the mad murderer in the Broadway version of *Arsenic and Old Lace* (1941); the contemptible Captain Hook in *Peter Pan* (1950). Through some 200 movies and plays Karloff maintained a steadfast affection for the *Doppelgänger* that dogged him. "Dr. Frankenstein's monster was inarticulate, helpless and tragic," he once reflected. "But I owe everything to him. He's my best friend."

Died. Giovanni Martinelli, 83, dashing tenor whose voice rang *molto con brio* across the Metropolitan Opera stage for 32 years; of a ruptured aorta; in Manhattan. As a young soldier in the Italian army, Martinelli was persuaded to study voice by his bandmaster-sergeant. He labored under Toscanini in Rome, went to New York in 1913 after establishing himself as one of Europe's most promising dramatic tenors. By then, the Men had become the preserve of Enrico Caruso, but Martinelli held his own. He ate as voluptuously as he sang (a hearty lobster dinner once led to his collapse during *Aida*), but he was careful to pamper his voice, reaching the peak of his career at age 52 with an intense performance in the title role of Verdi's *Otello*. He retired in 1945 to teach voice, but in 1967, while lecturing in Seattle, Martinelli was asked to replace an ailing tenor in a local production. He sang the emperor in Puccini's *Turandot*, and the audience gave him two standing ovations.

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BUSINESS

THE RISING BATTLE OVER CIGARETTE ADVERTISING

THE nation's cigarette manufacturers have been under increasing fire since the U.S. Surgeon General reported in 1964 that "cigarette smoking contributes substantially to mortality." The Surgeon General, the U.S. Public Health Service and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare have brought out steadily stronger reports, including evidence that the average heavy smoker dies eight years sooner than the non-smoker. H.E.W. began distributing pamphlets to schools, warning of the dangers of smoking. Congress in 1965 ordered that cigarette packs must carry the warning "Caution: Cigarette Smoking May Be Hazardous to Your Health." Twenty months ago, the Federal Communications Commission ordered that

the intricate legal and moral questions of whether the Government has the right to limit several lines of businesses, even for the sake of public health.

The drives against smoking have already hurt the manufacturers. Last year smoking declined for the first time since the 1964 report caused a one-year slump. Although the nation's over-15 population has increased, the estimated number of U.S. smokers has dipped since 1964 from 70 million to 60 million. The number of cigarettes consumed in the U.S. dropped in the past year from \$27.8 billion to \$26.5 billion. Many teenagers no longer feel obliged to smoke; it is no longer necessarily the thing to do. Responding to these ill portents, cigarette companies have accelerated their

gress either to write a tougher law or to let the act expire and thus enable the FCC to enforce a ban.

Congressional opposition to cigarettes has stiffened considerably since the original labeling law was passed. Congressmen have been impressed by the fact that bans on some or all cigarette advertising have been enacted in Britain, France, Italy, Norway, Denmark and other countries. The late Senator Robert Kennedy proposed that the U.S. follow their example. Washington's Senator Warren Magnuson is the author of an antismoking book, and Utah's Frank Moss is another outspoken tobacco critic. The prospect is for a long and emotional fight, leading to stricter limits on the promotion of cigarettes.

BY FRIEDMAN



NEWPORT TV COMMERCIAL



TAREYTON AD



MARLBORO AD

the television and radio networks must donate "significant" time to the American Cancer Society and other organizations to rebut cigarette commercials.

Last week the FCC delivered what could be the heaviest blow of all. By a 6-to-1 vote, the commissioners ruled that all cigarette advertising should be banned from TV and radio. Whether the FCC really has the power to order and enforce such a ban will be decided ultimately by Congress, and perhaps in the courts. Last week's ruling was the opening shot in what shapes up as an incendiary battle that will carry through 1969 and probably beyond.

Sales Down. The Tobacco Institute, spokesman for the industry, called the FCC's proposed ban "arbitrary in the extreme." A number of Congressmen from North Carolina, Kentucky and other primary tobacco-growing states also raised objections. They had some important economic arguments. Altogether 18 states raise tobacco in significant amounts; millions of Americans are somehow involved in tobacco growing, processing or marketing; cigarettes last year contributed \$8.4 billion to the gross national product and \$4.1 billion to federal and local taxes. Beyond that are

diversification drives, which have spread them into such businesses as soft drinks, cosmetics and pet foods.

Opposition Up. What would happen if broadcast advertising were indeed restricted? The networks would stand to lose about \$200 million in revenues (11% of their total), the bulk of which the manufacturers would probably channel elsewhere. Most likely, they would spend part of it—but not all—in other media. They would also invest some in further diversification and spend more for coupons and contests. They might even increase their budgets for scientific research into smoking and health.

The issue will come to a head about June 30, when the Cigarette Labeling and Advertising Act of 1965 is due to expire. That law was a compromise. The antismoking forces in Congress pushed through the requirement for warning labels. To assuage the pro-tobacco forces, however, the warning was toned down from the one originally proposed—the words "death" and "cancer" were not mentioned. As an equally important part of the compromise, the act prohibited any agency from restricting cigarette advertising on its own. In last week's action, the FCC challenged Con-

EARNINGS

Beyond Expectations

U.S. corporate chiefs, who have long complained of a profits squeeze, fared better in 1968 than they had any reason to expect. They were beset by rising labor and material costs, year-long predictions of imminent economic slowdown and the 10% income tax surcharge. But the slowdown never materialized, and many companies managed to offset higher costs and taxes by increasing their prices and generating more sales. The results from early-reporting corporations indicate that after-tax profits climbed by 6% from the \$48 billion of 1967 and at least equaled the \$51 billion record of 1966.

Higher totals, however, do not tell the whole story. The profit gains were in inflated dollars, which have less purchasing power when plowed back into raw materials, expanded inventories or new plants. Some companies also made their profits look better by changes in accounting methods, notably to straight-line depreciation procedures, by which equipment costs are distributed over a greater number of years. Items:

- The auto industry sold 10,400,000

U.S.-made cars and trucks in 1968, the best year for total vehicle sales in Detroit's history. Despite slightly lower profit margins, General Motors had a \$1.73 billion profit, up 6% from 1967, on record sales of \$22.8 billion. Chrysler increased earnings by 45%, to \$291 million. Ford, which has yet to report, will show a gain over 1967, when it was slowed by a 49-day strike. Struggling American Motors earned \$11.8 million during the fiscal year ending last September, its first full-year profit since 1965. The performance was helped by tax credits and the sale of the unprofitable Kelvinator Division. Chairman Roy D. Chapin Jr. announced last week that A.M.C. will aim for annual auto sales of 500,000 by the early 1970s, nearly double the present level.

• Steelmakers got a big lift from the auto boom, but results were still uneven as the industry continued to be hurt by competition from imports. U.S. Steel reported earnings of \$253 million, seemingly much better than the \$172 million of the year before. But the gain was entirely attributable to the company's switchover to straight-line depreciation; otherwise, its profit would have only been \$94 million. Accounting changes also contributed to profit increases at Inland Steel (up 44%), Bethlehem (21%) and Republic Steel (4%).

• Oil and chemical companies generally did well on the strength of greater demand and firmer prices. Standard Oil of New Jersey, the oil-industry leader, earned an all-time high of \$1.275 billion, up 10% from the year before, on sales of \$16 billion. Texaco also set a record with earnings of \$835.5 million, while Atlantic Richfield gained 14.5% over 1967, Mobil 11% and Gulf, California Standard and U.S. Shell each about 10%. The chemical industry was cheered by the end of a slump in sales of synthetic textiles. Du Pont, which derives one-third of its business from nylon and other synthetics, increased its profits 18%, to \$372 million.

• Among other manufacturing concerns, the profit returns were mixed. Xerox Corp. ran off a new record for the 17th consecutive year, increasing profits by 16%, to \$116 million. General Electric announced that 1968 earnings would decline by "no more than 2%" below 1967's record \$361 million, but its leading competitor, Westinghouse, reported a 10% earnings gain, to \$135 million. Alcoa earned \$105 million, which was 3% less than 1967, but was still quite a feat in view of the strike that crippled the company in mid-year.

The biggest moneymaker among U.S. companies last year was not General Motors, the world's largest corporation, but American Telephone & Telegraph, which earned \$2.05 billion, giving it a 15% return on revenues of \$14.1 billion. A.T. & T.'s 3,142,000 stockholders were happy about that performance, but the rest of the country benefited too. The company's federal tax bill came to \$1.95 billion, or 1% of the Government's total budget receipts.

ENTREPRENEURS

The Greek for Go-Between

When the Republican Party needed an extra \$500,000 in hurry to help pay for President Nixon's inauguration festivities, it turned to Boston Entrepreneur Thomas Anthony Pappas. He raised the money in nine days of hectic telephoning to other friends of the G.O.P. Then Tom Pappas dropped in on some old acquaintances. He visited Ike and Mamie Eisenhower at Walter Reed Hospital, chatted with Richard Nixon and Henry Cabot Lodge, and with Secretary of State William Rogers went over the names of some candidates for the post of U.S. Ambassador to Greece.

Greek-born Tom Pappas has made a



PAPADOPOULOS & PAPPAS IN GREECE
Some sound advice for Spiro.

lifetime habit of cultivating the powerful. Now a cherub-faced, grandfatherly figure of 69, he has become a power himself—though not always quite so potent as he likes to let on. He says: "Spiro followed my advice and switched from Rockefeller to Nixon." The largest U.S. firms seek his aid before doing business in Greece, where Pappas counts as the best-connected American citizen around. His close ties with Greece's strongman, George Papadopoulos, and the ruling military junta have made him an unofficial representative of Athens in Washington and in the U.S. business community.

Lunch in the Warehouse. The son of poor immigrants named Papadopoulos, young Tom started out in the grimy Greek-Italian North End of Boston. There he shortened his name, finished high school and expanded his father's grocery into a chain of 30 stores, which

he sold in the early 1950s to get capital for investment in many other business ventures. Today he owns a food-importing company and a real estate firm in Boston, in addition to Atlantic Maritime Enterprises Co., which operates ten oil tankers that fly the Greek and Liberian flags.

Pappas has built all this partly on his knack for becoming well known to leaders in politics, business and organized religion—and his ability to use one contact to reinforce another. For years in Boston, many of the city's big men gathered at the daily luncheons of the "Pappas boys," Tom and his brother John, in the dining room of their food warehouse. The brothers became important back-roomers in city and state affairs. John worked the Democratic side and was rewarded with an associate district judgeship; Tom earned some personal IOUs as a fund raiser for the G.O.P., got on the party's national finance committee and was a frequent guest at President Eisenhower's White House stag dinners. There he befriended then Vice President Richard Nixon. He also became influential in the Greek Orthodox Church.

Just the Man. His links to Washington impressed some American industrialists and Greek politicians. Pappas decided that he was just the man to bring the two groups together and attract U.S. capital to his native land. He even compiled a list of Greek politicians and other leaders and for years sent them cards at Christmas and on their saints' days. After a few small business deals in Greece taught him how to cut through Athens' labyrinthine bureaucracy, his biggest coup came in 1962, when Standard Oil (N.J.) went into partnership with him. The Greek government sought bids for an oil refinery, but Pappas and Esso beat out Aristotle Onassis and 14 other competitors by proposing a package deal that called for construction of a huge industrial complex, including a steel mill, near Salonica. Pappas knew that almost every developing country yearns for a steel mill, and that the offer of it would titillate Greek pride. The deal produced a unique group of four companies, including the refinery, named Esso Pappas. The only man in the world who has his name right next to Esso's title—is Tom Pappas. Esso Pappas forms the major part of a \$190 million complex that also includes a \$15 million petrochemical plant run by Ethyl Corp., a fertilizer plant and a steel mill in which Republic Steel has a 15% share. Altogether, there are seven companies, which last year had \$111 million in sales. Pappas is chairman of three of the seven, but probably the most lucrative part of all is his contract to transport oil for the refinery in his own tanker fleet.

Now Pappas is in the midst of launching new Greek projects worth more than \$75 million, including vegetable canning and Coca-Cola bottling plants. Last week Pappas and Chicago's Ar-

RUM SOUR

- how to make it



The first sour was a **rum sour**, made in Puerto Rico 50 years before the **Mayflower**. Still unsurpassed.

1½ oz. gold or amber Puerto Rican rum, 1 oz. lemon juice & 1 tsp. sugar (or use prepared mix). Shake with crushed ice, strain into sour glass.

PUERTO RICAN RUM is
light and dry and outsells all others 3 to 1.



Weathering Steel bridges at the busy intersection of Lodge Expressway and Eight-Mile Road, Detroit, will never need painting. Designed by the Michigan Department of State Highway.



"No-paint" Weathering Steel saves taxpayers' money

No, that isn't brown paint covering the steel bridges you see above.

That's the natural look of Weathering Steel. Handsome, isn't it?

It's also *very* economical.

Weathering Steel, when left exposed, forms its own weather-resistant coating—a layer of iron oxide about as thick as a coat of paint.

The longer it weathers, the richer in tone and texture its deep-brown oxide coating becomes. And what a remarkable coating it is.

Closely grained. Hard. Tightly adherent. And self-healing.

Since Weathering Steel bridges need not be painted—or repainted—your tax dollars go further.

As a driver, you'll like this bonus: no delays or safety hazards due to closing traffic lanes for painting Weathering Steel bridges.

Weathering Steel is one of many fruits of continuing research by Bethlehem to develop new steels and new ways to use steel.

BETHLEHEM STEEL



mour and Co. jointly proposed to the government an ambitious cattle-raising venture that would eventually make Greece self-sufficient in meat. He aims to import 75,000 head of cattle and set up plants for processing meat and producing powdered milk, butter and cheese.

For the past six years, Pappas has lived in Greece, visiting the U.S. for holidays and Republican campaigns. His only son Charles, 33, is an investment broker in Boston. In Athens, Tom Pappas plots his moves in an office overlooking Athens' Constitution Square. Athenians commonly believe the many legends about him—that he told his friend "Dick" to pick Agnew, that he is the CIA chief in Greece. As he moves through the streets of Athens, perpetually patting children's heads and squeezing hands, people often stop him to ask favors, like securing the release of political prisoners. Pappas helps when he can, which is often. He still invests much of his time being useful to people. Ultimately, many of them also seem to be useful to him.

TAXES

A Quarrel That Endangers Trade

A year ago, in the happy aftermath of the Kennedy Round of tariff reductions, a trade war between the U.S. and Europe would have seemed like a wholly improbable nightmare. Not any more. A tax scheme, originated by France and rapidly spreading throughout the Common Market and Scandinavia, has started an increasingly bitter skirmish between the U.S. and its European trading partners. Officials have exchanged threats of reprisals and counter-reprisals, and no solution is anywhere in sight.

At issue are Europe's so-called value-added taxes, or VAT, a complex substitute for sales and excise taxes. Washington contends that VAT penalizes American exports and gives a substantial price advantage to many European goods shipped into the U.S. Concern has heightened since the U.S. foreign trade surplus shrank from almost \$8 billion in 1964 to \$726 million in 1968.

America's Burden. Under the VAT system, companies at each stage of manufacture add a standard percentage of tax—11% in West Germany, 12.5% in Denmark—to the difference between what they paid for the materials and the price at which their products are sold. Consumers ultimately pay the entire levy as part of the price of almost everything they buy. In Paris, used car dealers drove through town last week in protest against the new 25% VAT "luxury" rate on their cars. In Amsterdam, a restaurant owner, cooks and waiters recently staged a mock funeral procession to "bury Amsterdam's entertainment," hurt by an extra 12% on restaurant bills.

What worries Washington is that value-added taxes are refunded on exports



AMSTERDAM RESTAURANT WORKERS: "FUNERAL" PROTESTING VALUE-ADDED LEVY
Between VAT and GATT.

and imposed as special border taxes on U.S. products entering European countries. That tends to add 6% to 23% to the prices of U.S. goods above and beyond import duties. VAT is sanctioned by the 21-year-old General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, to which the U.S. subscribes. Under GATT rules, the U.S. can neither match such export subsidies nor raise similar import barriers because it relies chiefly on other forms of taxation. Except for excise taxes on a few items—autos, alcohol and tobacco—the U.S. has no value-added taxes.

Although France adopted the value-added tax in 1954, the U.S. grew seriously concerned only after the entire Common Market decided to copy it. When Germany made the switch to VAT last year, one immediate effect was a 2% drop in the export price of steel, machinery and other goods. The Netherlands introduced VAT Jan. 1 with similar results. Denmark and Sweden have joined the rush; Norway, Belgium and Italy will do so next Jan. 1, and Britain is considering VAT.

Europe's Advantage. The U.S.'s Committee for Economic Development, a group of top executives, argues that VAT should be considered as a partial replacement for corporate income taxes. Congress so far shows no inclination to consider such fundamental changes. In Geneva, American negotiators have been pushing for a sensible change in GATT rules to allow U.S. companies to receive export rebates based on corporate income taxes and other "direct" taxes. In his final economic message, President Johnson asked for Europe's help in revising the rules "so that they no longer give a special advantage" to Europe.

Unless European countries agree to bend the GATT regulations, the chances

are growing that Congress will turn to protectionist measures of its own, even at the risk of violating the GATT treaty or causing retaliation abroad. Last week President Nixon said he took "a dim view of this tendency to move toward quotas," but added that there was a "special problem" in textiles. Recently, the U.S. pressured Japan and European countries to impose "voluntary" limits on their steel shipments to the U.S., and Chairman Wilbur Mills of the tax-writing House Ways and Means Committee called for similar barriers to textile imports. Speaking of textiles, Mills warned: "Before our Government will allow this industry to be destroyed, it will consider whatever limitations are required to preserve it."

The stage has been set for a still more dangerous quarrel between the Atlantic partners. Plainly, it will require restraint on both sides to avoid a flare-up that could undo much of the world's great postwar advance toward freer trade.

TRANSPORTATION

New Scenery for the ICC

The Interstate Commerce Commission deserves every one of its superlatives: it is the oldest and largest of the federal regulatory agencies—and the most ineffective. Overseeing some 18,000 companies involved in transport by truck, rail, waterway and pipeline, the ICC regulates industries that account for 20% of the gross national product. But over an 82-year history, its guiding Interstate Commerce Act has become clogged with 200 amendments that run for 425 pages. Johnson Administration economists, testifying in Senate hearings last summer, argued that the ICC was



"PEACHES" BROWN AT WORK
Frustratingly fuzzy charter.

fated to be "a dead hand on industry" and ought to be abolished. Another criticism came last month from the Department of Transportation, which, in a study of rail-merger patterns, scolded the commission for paying scant attention to broad economic questions and for rubber-stamping in "a rather random manner" individual mergers as they come along.

Little Chance. Now the beleaguered agency has a new chief, the first woman ever to boss a U.S. regulatory commission. She is Virginia Mae Brown, 45, a lively brunnette and loyal Democrat who was appointed to the eleven-member commission in 1964 by Lyndon Johnson. Having succeeded to the ICC's annually rotating chairmanship this year, she leads a staff of 1,784 that processes about 6,000 cases a year. "Peaches" Brown, as the ICC's \$29,500-a-year chairman is known, also manages to take care of two children and make frequent trips home to the 700-acre Pliny, W. Va., estate that was doored to her family in the 18th century by George Washington. No one questions her familiarity with rules and regulations. A banker's daughter, she is the wife of a Charleston and Washington attorney and a lawyer herself. In West Virginia, she was the first woman to serve as assistant attorney general and later as state insurance commissioner.

Can Peaches overhaul the ICC? There is little chance of that. For one thing, the ICC is the only federal agency whose chairmanship is not filled by a long-term White House appointee. Moreover, Peaches is no activist, except for her spirited championing of money-losing rail-passenger service on the grounds that "the public convenience cannot be hamstrung by the tyranny of figures." She

and the ICC are hamstrung by a frustratingly fuzzy legal charter that authorizes the agency to prescribe rates, regulate routes and oversee mergers, but prevents it from using individual cases as precedents that could establish overall transportation policy. As for the ICC's many critics, the chairman can only say that "I don't oppose some of their ideas, but I can't do anything about them." She does, however, improve the scenery.

WALL STREET

The Masters of Zig and Zag

"When I first started, nobody listened," says Kenneth Ward, senior vice president of Hayden, Stone & Co., a Manhattan-based brokerage house. That was 37 years ago, when Ward was one of a hardy but much heckled band of analysts who presumed to forecast stock prices merely by reading lines on charts. Ward can hardly complain of the following that has since been won by Wall Street's chart-oriented technicians. Practically every house and mutual fund has one or more chartists in its research department, and thousands of individual subscribers pay anywhere from \$150 to \$500 a year for the scores of weekly market advisories that they prepare. "Today," says Ward, "everybody listens."

Swinging with the Smart. The technicians practice Wall Street's most arcane—some are unkind enough to say inane—art. In deciding whether to buy or sell a stock, the purists among them profess to care less about such fundamentals as a company's assets, its earnings, its management or even what it does. Instead, the chartists divine the future of a stock by poring over a display of its past performance. The zigs and zags may ignore the fundamental "facts," but more important, technicians argue, the charts reflect what the market knows (or thinks it knows) about a company. One reason the chartists can be right: corporate insiders learn in advance about their company's earnings or new products and sometimes trade on that information in the market before the news gets around.

The charts first appeared more than 80 years ago, when investors found that they could often trace—and turn a profit from—the operations of stock-market manipulators by keeping running graphs on the price and volume of trading in individual stocks. Today's chartists have created considerable bafflegab, but they have also devised some simple patterns by which to follow the swings of the smart money (see chart) and watch for new patterns. Among the common signs of change:

- A ROUNDING BOTTOM indicates that after a long decline, sellers have finally sold out. The field is now being taken over by buyers, who may erase some or all of the slide or even take the stock all the way to a rounding top. Currently, some chartists say that airline stocks are in a rounding bottom.

- UPSIDE BREAKOUT FROM A BOX tells technicians that a long stalemate between buyers and sellers, which has kept the stock's price in a constricted area, has ended with the shattering of the "topside resistance" line and a victory for buyers.

- A HEAD AND SHOULDERS REVERSAL is a pattern that signals a nasty downturn. If the right shoulder rises higher than the head, chartists say that investors should hold on. If it does not pass the high, chartists advise them to sell—or risk a plunge below the neckline.

Chartists use all sorts of other indexes to measure general market conditions. The "confidence index," for one, is based on sales of low-grade bonds, and assumes that bond buyers are extremely sophisticated investors. If bond buyers purchase the riskier bonds, so goes the rationale, just about anything will go up. Manhattan Technician William X. Scheinman takes in \$150,000 a year in subscriptions to a weekly report based on his "divergence analysis" principle. One of its indicators is the recommendations of a group of 70 market advisory services, which Scheinman has found to be "always wrong as a

BUY SIGNALS

Price of an individual stock showing weekly highs, lows, and closings



Upside breakout
from a box

SELL SIGNAL

Head and shoulders reversal



TIME Chart by R. M. Chapman, Jr.

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tomer status, special priority in emergency. (And you're less likely to have an emergency.)

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Lennox Industries Inc., 523 South 12th Avenue, Marshalltown, Iowa 50158.



LENNOX PLANNED SERVICE

group at key turning points. When they reached a peak of pessimism last March, the market started to go up."

Do such signals really work? The technicians flashed the 1962 market break well in advance when the Dow-Jones industrial average went into a downturn; they reasoned that, since business was basically healthy, the decline could only have reflected a weakness in market psychology. In 1966, technicians foresaw the drop in General Motors stock long before auto sales actually began to slump. On the other hand, skeptics say, the technicians rarely agree about which market squiggles are really "significant." When they are in agreement, their forecasts of rises or declines in individual stocks can be self-fulfilling prophecies. Some Wall Street traditionalists fear

BANKING

Outdoing Bonnie and Clyde

The fastest-growing major crime in the U.S. is not murder, rape or mayhem. It is bank robbery, an increasing frustration for the nation's moneymen. The problem extends from Washington, D.C., where a bank 100 yards from the White House grounds was looted last December, to North Hollywood, Calif., where one bank was recently hit twice in the same day. Last year U.S. banks reported 1,840 robberies, four times the number in 1960. The average bank robber is a lone amateur in his mid-30s. He has an 86% chance of fleeing the bank, but the FBI says that his chances of being arrested later are "great."

Last July, President Johnson signed

if they do, today's bank robbers are far more sophisticated than Bonnie and Clyde. Although retired Boston Bank Robber Teddy Green cheerfully calls cameras "the best weapons the banks have," bankers complain that robbers are too often disguised with ski masks, wigs, dark glasses or turned-up turtlenecks. Officers are also loath to adopt extreme precautions. One that has done so is Washington's aptly named Security Bank. After three robberies at one branch in 55 days last summer, Security decided to lock the front door permanently. Customers enter through a rear door, and tellers work behind tall panes of Plexiglas.

Despite all precautions, bankers believe that their institutions will remain a favorite robbery target because they can be relatively easy and safe to hold up. In Washington, one stick-up man admitted that he switched to robbing banks because holding up liquor stores "got to be too dangerous."

DRUGS

The \$120 Million Settlement

Five leading drugmakers swallowed a bitter pill last week. In a surprise move, they offered to pay \$120 million to settle treble-damage claims against them for allegedly rigging the price of a widely used antibiotic, tetracycline. While proposing the settlement, the five companies—American Cyanamid, Chas. Pfizer, Bristol-Myers, Upjohn and Squibb Beech-Nut—asserted that they "have not violated the antitrust laws."

In 1967, a federal jury convicted Cyanamid, Pfizer and Bristol-Myers of plotting to fix the price of tetracycline—and the companies are still appealing the verdict. Upjohn and Squibb were named co-conspirators but not defendants. Encouraged by the verdict, 39 states, ten cities and counties, 15 private hospitals and 17 miscellaneous groups claimed damages for overcharges on the drug, which has been sold since 1953. Sales amounted to well over \$100 million annually. The Justice Department charged that the capsules cost an average 1.6¢ to produce, but sold for as much as 51¢. Whatever the merits of the damage claims, the companies wanted to avoid long and costly court fights, and so proposed the settlement.

The main beneficiaries would be state and municipal hospitals and welfare agencies, which could collect about \$60 million. Another \$20 million would go to competing antibiotic makers, private hospitals and other claimants. For the first time in an antitrust settlement, individual customers could also collect—if they can prove their purchases between 1953 and 1966 by presenting prescriptions and sales slips to state agencies. Most likely, few would be able to do so, and the agencies would thus keep most of the funds. Drug executives warned, however, that unless practically all of the 81 claimants accept their share of the \$120 million by March 7, the deal is off.

HIDDEN CAMERA SHOT OF BANK HOLDUP IN WASHINGTON, D.C. (AUGUST 1968)
Instant replay.

the day when technicians all look up from their charts to flash a unanimous SELL signal. Right now, chartists are cautious; many think the market has already reached the bottom of the decline started in December, but few expect any great rally soon.

Not by Graphs Alone. In practice, the successful chartists are eclectic as well as eccentric; they study the companies and the economy along with their charts. Technician Eugene Peroni of McDonnell & Co. rises at 4:30 a.m. to pore over his charts, spends his day in a dimly lit, chart-lined office working at a desk that has two ticker tapes running across the top, a built-in Teletype machine and a radio tuned to an all-news station. Within easy reach are reports on 1,300 companies that he follows. He claims that 90% of his recommendations have made money.

Of course, few investors would be willing to put down hard cash on the strength of graphs alone. By itself, says Wolfe & Co. Technician John Schulz, "pattern analysis is strictly for illiterates." But charts can be useful as one factor in analysis because they show the ebb and flow of investor interest—a volatile variable that does not always follow the rise and fall of business.

the Bank Protection Act, which requires federally insured financial institutions to take at least minimal precautions. The first regulation goes into effect this week, when banks must appoint security officers or risk \$100-a-day fines. By 1970, banks must supply tellers with marked "bait" money, keep cash on hand to a "reasonable minimum," and install alarms as well as tamper-proof locks on exterior doors and windows. Banks are also urged to install cameras that take thieves' pictures.

The act promises to increase the already brisk sales of bank protection devices. At least 25 major companies make surveillance cameras and recorders that give instant replays. Noting that financial institutions have used similar devices and procedures for years, bankers question whether the federal act will reduce robberies. "It's like legislating against sin," says James B. Griffith, a vice president at California's 380-branch Security Pacific National Bank, which suffered 53 stick-ups last year.

Masked Men. Decals on doors warning of cameras are ineffective, says Ronald A. Swanson, vice president of California's First Western Bank and Trust Co., because "amateurs just don't know enough to recognize a deterrent." Even



The Band of the 1st Battalion of the Welch Regiment plays outside Caerphilly Castle.

Come and see Prince Charles' heritage—the ancient principality of Wales—when you visit Britain this year

*"Thou most renowned Wales,
thou famous ancient place,
Which still hast been the Nurse
of all the British race."*

An English poet, Michael Drayton, wrote these lines during the reign of the first Elizabeth. In July this year, the second Elizabeth gives her son to Wales, when he is invested as Prince of Wales at Caernarvon Castle.

Caernarvon, like Caerphilly, Conway, Beaumaris, Harlech, is one of an incomparable series of medieval fortresses, built in the 13th century. Today, they still guard the green valleys of the Welsh landscape.

In many ways, Wales is still a remote country. There are few big towns, so the best way to see it is to hire a car—cost for a fortnight about \$15, add about \$25 per 1,000 miles for gas. Stay in tiny mountain and seaside villages, or in a

country house, hotel or castle. One of them, Ruthin Castle, holds Welsh medieval feasts in the banqueting hall each evening by candlelight. It costs only \$6, including all the meat you can drink!

If you're setting out from London, drive via Bath, a Regency town which hasn't changed since the early 18th century. Or take the route through Oxford and the Cotswolds, and see some of the prettiest country in England.

Britain is good value—four countries for the price of one: Wales, England, Northern Ireland and Scotland.

For more information and great vacation ideas, send off the coupon for our free 52-page full color booklet: "Vacations in Britain 1969".

*'Give Britain a fortnight of your life
and we'll give you 2,000 years of ours.'*



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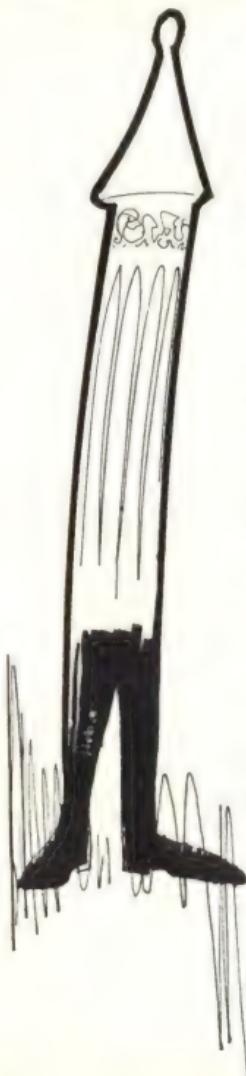
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CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Abe Lincoln in New Mexico

The wild Apaches have taken to the hills, and after them clops the cavalry including a bony scout named Sam Varner (Gregory Peck). In the ensuing roundup, one face is out of place: a blonde woman, Sarah Carver (Eva Marie Saint), prisoner of the Indians for some ten years. Out of pity—and maybe a pinch of desire—Varner takes Sarah and her half-breed son to live on his New Mexico ranch.

Such situations were once the end of Westerns; in *The Stalking Moon* it is only the beginning. Sarah's "husband" is Salvaje (Nathaniel Narciso), a murderous Apache with a memory as long as his rifle. As the troop moves West, Salvaje follows like a red plague, killing everything—including horses and dogs—in his path.

Sam and Sarah await the inevitable. "You won't hear him. He just comes," warns Sarah. "I'll hear him," Varner insists. But he never does. Salvaje picks off the ranch's hired hands one by one. Varner at last realizes that the only way around fate is through it and goes out into the woods to confront his puer. The stalker becomes the stalked, the suspense winds as taut as a leather thong, and the violent conclusion is as inevitable as moonset and death.

Aiming for the classic genre, Director Robert Mulligan occasionally misfires. But he is saved, somewhat surprisingly, by Peck, who is in private life an avid collector of Lincoln memorabilia. With flashes of ironic humor and his customary rigid dignity, he escapes the

boundaries of the role and gives it an honest, Abe-like stature. The rest of the cast is resolutely unglamorous; even Saint has the hollow eyes and concave face of a woman who has been out on the plains too long.

Mulligan's greatest strengths are, in fact, in his honest exploitation of the inglorious West. The stagecoach is a Jerry-built, rickety job; the dust storms saturate the sky until there is no room to breathe; the silences and empty spaces reduce men to infinite specks. In perhaps the most daring reversal of stereotypes, Mulligan has cast an actual Apache boy (Noland Clay) as Salvaje's son. Clay, 11, offers no Hollywood charm, no cloying cuteness, not even a single smile. Even W. C. Fields would have liked him.

Campus Cutups of 1969

"See that guy over there?" whispers one frat man to another. "He scored 50 times before he was a sophomore." The object of this muted envy is an undergraduate operator named Paxton Quigley, who conducts a personal course in concupiscence. Quigley cracks feminine reserve the way a grime cracks books—with a dedication that borders on frenzy. Yet, according to a breezy little movie called *3 in the Attic*, he is also a prime target for a fate worse than death.

Putting a cursory make on a lovely blonde English major named Tobey (Yvette Mimieux), Quigley (Christopher Jones) finds a pleasant way to spend his summer vacation. When the fall term arrives, however, his libido is once again diverted. While still dating Tobey, Quigley also beds a beautiful black fox named Eulice (Judy Pace). Commuting on his Yamaha between Tobey and Eulice, he meets Jan (Maggie Thrett), a freaked-out flower child who tempts him with "magic brownies" and wins his heart by asking, "Do you think it's possible to be Jewish and psychedelic at the same time?"

Sleazy Charm, Tobey, of course, discovers Quigley's tricuity and decides to punish him with overindulgence. The three girls imprison Quigley in the attic of their dorm and proceed to visit him, one every hour. After endless days of lovemaking, with only an occasional rare steak or cup of yogurt to keep up his energy, Paxton is finally sprung from the attic and manages to tell Tobey what she wants to hear: the reasons for his capricious infidelity.

If there is little subtlety in the plot, there is even less in its telling. Yet *Attic's* unabashed vulgarity has a certain sleazy charm, and Producer-Director Richard Wilson manages an occasional telling glimpse of current campus life styles. The abilities of the Misses Pace and Thrett are less apparent when they open their mouths than when they take off their clothes, but Jones and Mi-



JONES & MIMIEUX IN "ATTIC"
Course in concupiscence.

mieux actually manage to bring an air of wounded innocence to their roles. Jones has an unhappy tendency to recite many of his lines with a kind of Method fidget, but he could yet become one of the better young actors in Hollywood. As Tobey, Yvette Mimieux uses her doe-eyed vulnerability to maximum effect. Her fragile beauty could reduce any ethics professor to acute schizophrenia and radicalize the entire student body of Southern Methodist University.

False Alarm

Facts are no substitute for reality. No matter how skilled, the photographer never reaches the revelations of the great painter—and the documentary-film maker never touches the plane of pure fiction. In his first feature film, *The Song and the Silence*, director-writer-photographer Nathan Cohen tries to re-create the world of Polish Jewry just before the Nazi holocaust of 1939. To summon up the past, he meticulously compiles scene after scene of scholars poring over the Talmud, women dancing the hora, rabbis lecturing—and finally, Germans plundering. At almost every turn, Cohen, a television news cameraman, betrays his background. Amateur performances only serve as bridges between static reconstructions; when there is action, it is the characters who are moved, not the audience.

Despite its incalculable tragic dimensions, the drama of the European Jew remains elusive to all but a handful of films—notably *The Shop on Main Street* and *The Fixer*. By being frankly fictional, both films create their own transcendent reality. By trying to be real, *The Song and the Silence* sings false, proving Santayana's perception: we have to change truth a little in order to remember it.



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BOOKS

A Past Too Terrible To Be Buried

THE 900 DAYS. The Siege of Leningrad by Harrison E. Salisbury. 635 pages. Harper & Row. \$10.

On Aug. 30, 1941, a powerful Nazi army captured the obscure Russian town of Mga, a railhead east of the Baltic. The Nazis thereby severed the last overland link between Leningrad and the rest of the Soviet Union, clamping an iron ring of men, armor and artillery around the beautiful city first raised by Peter the Great. Thus began the most murderous siege in modern history.

Beside Leningrad, the celebrated

Both the enormity of the task and the event described occasionally seem too much for him, especially when he pelts the reader with chunks of indigestible statistics—apparently for no other reason than that they were available. Salisbury also spends too much time in scene setting. It isn't until page 307, for example, that he finally announces, "The nine hundred days were beginning."

Salisbury obviously loves Leningrad and its people. Much of the background that he feels called upon to paint in deals with the city's illustrious history as St. Petersburg (Russia's capital until the honor was ceded to Moscow in 1918) and its cosmopolitan, cultural el-

reason. Stalin had rejected overwhelming evidence that the Nazis were preparing an attack; not even the movement of 4,200,000 troops to Russia's borders convinced him. As a result, Nazi infantry and panzer divisions smashed to the outskirts of Leningrad. The unprepared, disorganized Russians sustained unimaginable losses: 28 of their front-line divisions were obliterated. By the time the Germans were finally stopped, the city was surrounded. Its only open access lay to the northeast, across Lake Ladoga, toward Finland.

Metallic Ring. When the blockade began, scant food reserves were swiftly consumed. Luftwaffe raids on warehouses sent tons of sugar, meat and flour



LENINGRAD AIR RAID VICTIMS IN LITEINY PROSPEKT
A result of Stalin's villainy . . .

sieges of modern times are dwarfed: the 121-day blockade of Paris during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, in which 30,000 perished; even the more famous six-month German onslaught at Stalingrad, where almost half a million were killed. In Leningrad, which had a population of about 3,000,000, some 1,500,000 men, women and children died—not starvation or under the unremitting rain of Nazi shells and bombs, which continued for 2½ years.

Memory Hole. Surprisingly, little has been written on the Leningrad tragedy. Many of the Russian records, according to Harrison Salisbury, an assistant managing editor of the New York Times, were destroyed or suppressed by Stalin, "as in Orwell's 'memory hole.'" Years of contacts in Russia, where he served six years as a reporter, and the information that set in after Stalin's death, finally permitted Salisbury to accumulate the records, diaries and interviews from which he shaped this massive and horrifying account.

Terescence, which stirred not only Adolf Hitler's ire but the enduring suspicions of a xenophobic Georgian peasant, Joseph Stalin. The Paris of the Baltic, the city of Pushkin and Dostoevsky, Leningrad stood, in Salisbury's words, as "the invisible barrier between the end of Russia and the beginning of Europe." It was a prime military and propaganda target for Hitler's surging armies when, in June 1941, the Germans suddenly loosed Operation Barbarossa against their erstwhile Russian allies.

For a time, Hitler openly savored the prospect of humiliating Russia by reviewing his triumphant soldiers from a stand in Leningrad's Palace Square. But three months after the invasion of Russia began and the prospects of quickly subduing Leningrad began to fade, he grew angry. The German high command declared: "The Führer has decided to raze the city of Petersburg from the face of the earth."

The Führer came perilously close to carrying out that objective. Beyond all



APARTMENTS GUTTED BY GERMAN GUNS
. . . and Hitler's madness.

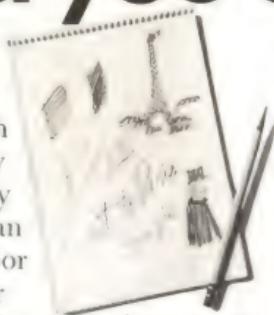
up in smoke. Rations were cut again and again, finally falling to half a pound of bread per day for workers and only two slices (about 150 calories) for children. Citizens grew accustomed to eating library paste, boiled leather, and bread baked with cottonseed cake, even sawdust and cellulose. Cats and dogs swiftly disappeared. Any stray horse was likely to be set upon and butchered on the hoof by starving citizens. In the final stages of the famine, parents kept a close eye on their children lest they be kidnapped: the "meat patties" that were sold in the Haymarket, Leningrad's slum quarter, sometimes contained human flesh. Salisbury describes how Red Army soldiers, after gunning down two suspected cannibals, found the hooks of five human beings hanging from hooks in their apartment.

The winter of 1941-42 was one of the coldest ever endured. Temperatures averaged 4° below zero in January. Peo-

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ple died in their apartments, and weakened relatives left them wherever they were—in a bed, at a table, in a chair near a cold stove. Men and women dropped in the streets, dead of hunger and exhaustion, and sometimes their bodies lay untouched for weeks. When they were finally hoisted onto trucks, one observer recalls, they were so frozen that "they gave a metallic ring." The silence of the city was broken only by bouts of German shelling and, in winter, by the squeak of children's sleds hearing corpses to cemeteries.

"Hell Machine." For a time, Stalin thought of abandoning the city. Then, rather than let the Germans occupy it whole, he ordered that Leningrad's giant Kirov works, its railroad viaducts, its bridges, its ports, and all its historic buildings be mined for pushbutton destruction. But the button on what Leningraders referred to as Stalin's "hell machine" was never pushed. Nazi troops were drained off to other fronts, and enough Red Army units and citizen volunteers remained to keep the besiegers out. The Germans settled in, hoping to starve and shell the city to death. That they did not succeed, as logic suggested they would, was due largely to Leningrad's astonishing capacity to take punishment.

It was also due to expedients like "the Road of Life" across Lake Ladoga. Frozen solid in winter, it supported occasional food trucks and even the great 60-ton KV tanks that eventually began to roll in to the city's defense. At the end of 1943, the Russian buildup—some 1,200,000 men—was big enough for a successful counteroffensive. On Jan. 27, 1944, the siege was lifted.

Tolstoy saw men and battles as unwitting pawns used in an inscrutable game played by history. Modest and matter-of-fact reporter Salisbury does not permit himself the luxury of such speculative indulgences. If he sees a shaping force in the tragedy of Leningrad, beyond Hitler's madness, it lies in the villainy and vanity of Joseph Stalin. For the Soviet dictator not only misjudged the course of events in 1941 and refused to arm his country adequately, he systematically falsified history and brutally suppressed the truth afterward to hide his own foolishness. Thousands of men associated with the siege years were killed or exiled in a savage, Kremlin-inspired purge that came to be known as "the Leningrad Affair." Leningrad was the last of Russia's major cities to be rebuilt. "Leningrad survived the Nazis," writes Salisbury. "Whether it would survive the Kremlin was not so clear."

If the Kremlin was anxious to bury the memory of Leningrad's tragic, heroic wartime stand, its citizens were not. For nearly ten years, on Stalin's orders, coats of paint covered the blue and white signs that had sprouted on the Nevsky Prospekt and other major avenues during the siege, with the warning: "Citizens: In case of shelling, this side of the street is the most danger-

ous." Today, the signs have been repainted as they were. Touched up every spring, they stand as reminders of a past too terrible to be buried.

Tales of the Craft

AFTERWORDS NOVELISTS ON THEIR NOVELS: Edited by Thomas McCormack. 231 pages. Harper & Row. \$5.95.

When a physician enters his office, his identity is immediately ratified by the tools of Hygeia that surround him. There are also the parchments on the wall to reassure him that "Dr." is part of his name. By contrast, a novelist may have a few of his books on the shelf (unlike the physician, the writer cannot bury his mistakes), but when he goes to work he is greeted by the gaping anonymity of blank paper. More than most working people, the professional writer of fiction must constantly create himself out of himself if he is to know who he is with any regularity.

This lonely situation is occasionally relieved when he is asked to talk publicly about his work. If a man is what he does—and that is the American view—how satisfyingly stimulating it is to talk about one's work. The perceptive



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ROBERT CRICHTON
Sufficiently wise to the word.

vigor in much of what 14 novelists seem to have for themselves in this book seems to bear out this notion.

Editor Thomas McCormack asked his contributors for a "craftsmen's journal" telling how one of their books came to be written. The answers range widely in tone and intent. In discussing *The Reector of Justin*, Louis Auchincloss, a New York aristocrat and a practicing attorney, makes novel writing sound only slightly more difficult than drawing a will. He acknowledges the existence of problems and floundering, but they all seem to succumb to his analytic brain. In addition, he appears to know just where he stands: "I am neither a satirist nor a cheerleader," he says with cool assurance. "I am strictly an observer." An honorable position honestly stated, it should quiet those critics who want an Auchincloss novel to be more than a well-crafted, highly polished portrait of the world he knows.

At the other extreme stands Norman Mailer, accounting for the pain and exertion that accompanied the writing and publishing of *The Deer Park*. His piece is another of those arresting homemade commercials for N.M., now no longer a product in search of market but a literary institution of proven value. Mailer attacks his subject with the energy of pent-up resentment and a confidence in the infallibility of his instincts.

A born brawler and natural teller of war stories, Mailer gives us the coordinates of the enemy—the timid, shortsighted publishers who at first shrank from the novel's excoriating, charged treatment of Hollywood life. He tells of his anxieties and the state of his abused liver—which, if the laws of metaphor may be suspended briefly, he has worn as proudly as a Purple Heart. And Mailer never lets the reader forget that he is an important and dedicated writer constantly bent on making his prose as penetrating as his visions.

Creative Excitement. Between the extremes of Auchincloss and Mailer, *Afterwords* offers a variety of literary experiences. Wright Morris is vague about the moment when something that is most often called inspiration strikes. "In whatever medium that is congenial to his talent," he writes of the artist, "he painlessly cracks through how things were, to how things are." Truman Capote is more succinct, though no more enlightening, when he records that "excitement—a variety of creative coma—overcame me."

Unable to induce a coma of any kind, Robert Crichton, author of *The Secret of Santa Vittoria*, outflanked his writing block with the aid of Dick and Jane. After months of feeding his wastepaper basket, Crichton sat down and began his book: "There is a little town on a hill called Santa Vittoria. It is in Italy. The people in the town grow grapes and make wine." He kept it up until he had a skeletal manuscript that could walk by itself.

William Gass, a philosophy professor

Enigma.

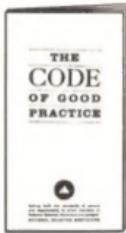


Mars is the planet most like our own. Yet it remains shrouded in mystery. Does life exist there? What causes the massive color changes during the Martian Spring? Do the polar caps contain water? Solving the riddles of the red planet may well lead to an understanding of how life evolved here on earth. Scientists and engineers of our Aerospace Group are now deeply involved in the planning of an exciting project with NASA. The ultimate goal: design and build an unmanned, automated spacecraft so sophisticated that it can journey 125,000,000 miles through space, land gently, and explore Mars. The information dispatched to earth will not only help scientists answer the Martian enigma, but cast new light on the origins of the universe.

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EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

at Purdue, demonstrates the difficulties involved in his experimental novel, *Omensetter's Luck* and asserts that it "was written to not have readers." Still, he is eloquent in describing what a few great books can achieve. "They measure the emptiness of their readers, for these books completely and absolutely are. Many times I have had the experience of holding in my hand a book that was more real, more alive, more sensitive than I was."

The sentiment is likely to cause confusion among the many who like their fiction with obvious factual referents and their facts falsified by melodrama. While *Afterwords* will not teach anyone how to write, it may prove valuable in indicating how to read.

Wednesday's Children

SETTING FREE THE BEARS by John Irving. 335 pages. Random House. \$5.95.

It may be a symptom of just how cosmopolitan the modern world has become. Or it may merely be talent. Whatever the cause, John Irving, a young American writer, has successfully created two European characters, set them against a European landscape, and turned them loose in what has always been a typical American literary form—the novel of youthful escape and adventure. From *Huckleberry Finn* to *On the Road*, the characters in such stories yearn for joyful freedom; their picaresque progress becomes a disapproving comment on the society they are trying to flee. Forced back into confrontation with that society—as the main characters in Irving's fine first novel are—they tend to dream up quixotic schemes for drastically revising the world they hoped to reject. In this case, the reform involves an inspired plan to liberate all the animals in Vienna's Hietzinger Zoo.

Hannes Graff and Siegfried Javotnik are Austrian students. They could just as well be undergraduates at Columbia, bent on bringing off a zoo bust for the seals in Central Park. At first they throb and chortle through the spring countryside on a huge 700-cc. Royal Enfield motorcycle. But even there they come face to face with cruelty and the law. Siggy, the idealist of the pair, fights with a milkman who is mistreating a horse. Trying to escape the police, he is killed crashing into a wagonload of honey-filled beehives.

Pre-Womb Existence. With this sardonically bittersweet tragedy, the book begins to shift from a comic, rather hip tale into a complex and moving novel with sharp historic resonances. The grieving Graff delves into Siggy's notebooks, which contain a somewhat fictional history of his parents and of the marks laid upon their lives by experiences during and immediately after World War II in Yugoslavia and Austria. Siggy calls these notes his "pre-history," and his recollected stories seem touched by the bizarre influence of Gunter Grass. On the day in 1938 when Aus-

tria capitulates to Hitler, for example, a man whom Siggy's mother loved but did not marry creates hysteria in Vienna by running around costumed as a Habsburg eagle. Siggy's real father is a Yugoslav who escapes on a motorcycle in 1944, during the terrible struggle between the German army, Tito's partisans, Mihailovich's Chetniks and a Croatian terrorist gang.

Memories of both men influence Siggy's desire for freedom, his somewhat antic character. Yet he feels cursed by not having lived through World War II himself. Instead, he feels, he has been consigned by history to a time in which he cannot dramatically affect the course of events or participate in them. Siggy's anger at the present, and his awareness that it is haunted by the past, are

JACKET DESIGNED BY CARL WEISS

SETTING FREE THE BEARS



YOUTHFUL CHARACTERS ON THE ROAD
Familiar sense of futility.

reinforced in other sections of his notebooks, called "the Zoo Watch." These tell of nights spent at the zoo, where he catches the night watchman—an ex-Nazi who once tortured Jews—torturing the animals now in his charge.

Sensitive to suffering, the author describes all immediate and sensual events with poetic grace—even such prosaic occurrences as the starting of a motorcycle: "Siggy had caught it and held it; thick balls of gray were lobbed from the tailpipes, as weightless and wispy as dust kittens. They seemed like flimsy wads of hair, so tangled that we'd later find them in the garden, strung from the forsythia like mangled pieces of wigs."

John Irving studied at the University of Vienna and knows his scene. Yet his ability to make European historical anecdote live in fiction is truly remarkable in an American writer. When the great zoo bust finally comes through and some of the beasts run free, the drama encompasses the longings and agonies of youth, whether they endured the horrors of World War II or merely are trapped in the confused present.



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